

susceptible to any suggestion. Ericksonian hypnosis is also a method of unconscious suggestion. However, unlike classical hypnosis, the effectiveness of Ericksonian hypnosis has never been verified by special experimental studies, so the very possibility of hypnosis in a state of trance remains a big question. Rather, it can be said that Erickson and his followers worked and work in much the same way as psychoanalysts, inspiring patients to believe in themselves, and also that they can explain and thereby cure their illness. Erickson himself, for example, treated the sick with stories and parables in which he put his conviction. Erickson argued that a bitter pill is easier to swallow if it is encapsulated in a sweet wafer. Direct moralizing most often causes rejection, while a story, fairy tale, parable or myth affects the subconscious. And before telling the story, Erickson put the patient into a state of hypnotic trance. When the session ended, patients felt relieved. They fell into a state of catharsis (in Greek - "purification"), freeing themselves from negative emotions, feelings of anxiety, receiving emotional release. It can be said that Messing also achieved catharsis in his sessions, at least among a significant part of the audience. And this was one of the
secrets of the extraordinary popularity

his psychological experiences.

In addition to being used for medical purposes, hypnosis has long been sought to be used to solve particularly complex crimes. However, over the past hundred years, this has not brought any tangible results. In 1923, the German physician Walter

Jacobi published an article in which he argued that in most cases the use of hypnosis in order to obtain truthful testimony from a suspect or a witness is useless, since those hypnotized can lie just as expediently as in the waking state. According to Jacobi, "the well-known defense mechanisms of the individual, embracing the innermost core of his personality, cannot be destroyed in this way." Another German, Hans Schneikert, published in 1924 in Berlin the monograph "The Mystery of the Criminal and the Ways to Uncover It",

devoted to the technique of obtaining a confession from the accused. He wrote: "The accused themselves repeatedly expressed their readiness to be hypnotized and interrogated in a state of hypnosis, wanting to create evidence that they had nothing hidden in their souls. But such a device could hardly be recognized as admissible from a legal point of view, not only because it is difficult to establish whether there was a simulation of a hypnotic state, but also because a person deprived of free will, even by artificial means, cannot be considered as an admissible witness at the trial." In 1951, the UN held a seminar in Brussels on the

possibilities of using hypnosis in criminalistics. His conclusions were as follows: "It is absolutely essential that in all systems of law the law provide that the authorities conducting the investigation should not resort to any method whatsoever that might weaken the will of the criminal or his ability to understand what is happening, such as, for example, deception or hypnosis, applied even with the consent of the subject ... "The participants in two other seminars on the same topic, organized by the UN in 1958 and 1960, came to the same conclusions. In the USSR, the use of hypnosis was regulated by three regulations. Thus, in article 18

of the Decree of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the STO of the RSFSR of December 1, 1924 "On the professional work and rights of medical workers", which has not been canceled so far, it was indicated: "The use of hypnosis is allowed only for doctors and in the relevant state medical and scientific institutions ... on the basis of special instructions issued by the People's Commissariat of Health in agreement with the People's Commissariat of Justice. Instructions for the "application of hypnosis", approved by the People's Commissariat of Health and the People's

Commissariat of Justice of the RSFSR on December 30, 1924, allowed hypnotization only for therapeutic purposes and only for specialist doctors, with a detailed reflection of all actions and results in the patient's medical history and in a special book of information about the session. When hypnotizing at home, the presence of a second medical worker or a close one was obligatory.

relative of the patient, to exclude any abuse by the hypnotist. Circular of the People's

Commissariat of Health of the RSFSR No. 90 dated April 19, 1923 "On the Prohibition of Public Demonstrations of Hypnotic Sessions" provided: "It is impossible to publicly hypnotize patients and it is even less permissible to conduct an experiment on healthy people without medical indications for this ... Public demonstrations of the phenomena of hypnotism should not be allowed to anyone; the reading of popular lectures on hypnosis can only be allowed to medical specialists who have devoted themselves to the study and work in the field of psychotherapy in

general. In 1989, the Ministry of Health of the USSR, bypassing these norms, agreed to conduct psychoprophylactic talks on television by the psychotherapist Anatoly Kashpirovsky. However, a year later, these sessions were banned, because in practice they were uncontrolled hypnotic suggestion to an audience of many millions, among which there were many people for whom hypnosis is harmful. After all, hypnosis is categorically contraindicated for people suffering from schizophrenia, manic-depressive disorder and a number of other types of psychoses. Kashpirovsky's sessions provoked an exacerbation of the disease in such people.

The use of hypnosis in modern Russia is regulated by Order No. 245 of the Minister of Health and Medical Industry of the Russian Federation dated June 13, 1996 "On streamlining the use of methods of psychological and psychotherapeutic influence." The order reads, in part: "1. Heads of health authorities of constituent

entities of the Russian Federation, heads of federal health care institutions, including research, treatment and prevention and educational institutions, should not allow propaganda and use for the purposes of health improvement, prevention, treatment and rehabilitation of: 1) not permitted by the Ministry of Health and Medical Industry of the Russian Federation methods and

techniques of psychological and psychotherapeutic influence;

2) methods and means of occult-mystical and religious origin.

2. Heads of health authorities of the constituent entities of the Russian Federation to ensure strict control over compliance with part six of Article 57 of the Fundamentals of Legislation on the Protection of Citizens' Health on the prohibition of mass healing sessions, including with the use of the mass media; take all measures provided by law in identifying violators.

3. The use of methods and techniques of psychological and psychotherapeutic influence permitted by the Ministry of Health and Medical Industry of the Russian Federation is allowed only if there is a license for this type of activity in healthcare institutions, subject to careful selection of patients at an individual appointment.

4. Specialists with appropriate training in psychiatry, narcology, psychotherapy, medical psychology and who have received in the prescribed manner a certificate of a specialist in the specified

specialties." Thus,

the use of hypnosis is allowed only for doctors. specialists, only for medical purposes and only within the walls of medical institutions.

N. N. Kitaev, in his book about Messing, cites a case where the investigator himself was prosecuted for using hypnosis in the process of interrogation. Someone L. I. Zakharov, an investigator of the 12th division of the military tribunal of the Southern District of Communications, who was involved in the case of obtaining coal by means of false checks in the city of Yekaterinoslav (now Dnepropetrovsk), "for the purpose of a comprehensive investigation of the case and in view of the fact that the accused refused to name their accomplices", in September 1923 subjected the accused Maxim Pokhalyuk and Alexander Khodushkin to hypnotic sleep. In the verdict of the Yekaterinoslav District Court, the course of events is described as follows: "Investigator Zakharov, having invited the doctor Kotkovsky, a specialist in hypnotism touring in Yekaterinoslav at that time, to perform hypnotic lulling to sleep, suggested that investigator Pavlovsky and doctor Mikhshteinstein be understood during the hypnotic session. At the same time, doctor Kotkovsky, before the start of the session, warned the accused that euthanasia is possible only if they are fully

the consent they gave. When the accused Pokhalyuk began to fall into a sleepy state, he had a hysterical fit, expressed in strong emotional agitation and accompanied by separate cries: "it's not my fault", "my youth and honor are being ruined" ... which he lay during the session.

As a result, an act was drawn up stating that "these phenomena were caused by the effect of hypnosis on Pokhalyuk's psyche, which acted due to the lack of inner will when giving consent to undergo hypnotic lulling, and since the continuation of the lulling session could also be reflected in his later life with severe mental complications, the session was interrupted and Pokhalyuk was brought back to normal. Similar phenomena began to occur during the lulling of the accused Khodushkin, whose hypnotization was immediately interrupted. The court, "keeping in

mind that such an application of the method of interrogation of persons under investigation is clearly illegal and contrary to our criminal procedural norms and our entire criminal policy, found Lev Iosifovich Zakharov guilty of having, as an investigator, allowed illegal interrogation of persons under investigation by hypnotic lulling them to sleep. than caused them mental and physical pain, that is, guilty of a crime under 112 Art. Criminal Code" (this article punishes coercion to testify during interrogation by applying illegal measures. - B.S.). Zakharov received a one-year suspended sentence. A supporter of the use of hypnosis methods in the interests of the investigation was Professor M.V.

led section criminal psychological And
of psychopathological studies of the Kyiv Institute of Scientific Forensic Expertise. He stated: "Our experiments are not new. The literature is very rich in such experiments. But I consider it necessary to return to them again, since we are now coming close to the question of the use of hypnosis in an investigation to discover the truth. I personally consider it possible to answer this question in the affirmative. Gakkebusch described several cases where doctors were able to obtain information from patients immersed in deep hypnosis.

compromising them (including a confession of homosexual inclinations, listing the names of those who violated the regime in the hospital, confessions that the heroic episodes of their biography are fictitious, etc.). The professor argued the use of hypnosis methods in the conduct of the investigation as follows: "The fundamental objections put forward by some against the use of hypnosis for the purposes of the investigation, based on the alleged unethical nature of such use, hardly deserve attention. Why is it ethical to determine the presence, say, in the lung or muscle of the victim of a bullet planted there by an attacking bandit, and unethical to resort to hypnosis in order to help clarify the question of which of the two suspects committed this or that murder?"

They say that hypnosis is unacceptable, because by interrogating a person in a hypnotic state, we deprive him of the right not to answer any questions put to him (the right given by the court). I think that one can hardly agree with this either. It is impossible to make the very possibility of discovering the truth dependent on the desire or unwillingness of the offender. Finally, let us take the cross-examination to which the investigators, and then the sides of the suspect, are subjected, an interrogation during which it is often possible to catch the accused or the witness in a lie. After all, if it were possible to listen to the desire of the interrogated person, then there is no doubt that the leading investigator would receive this consent very rarely. This involuntarily suggests a comparison with Dostoevsky's masterful depiction of the investigation in *Crime and Punishment*. Remember Porfiry, this most talented investigator. His way of seeking the truth, which we admire, is hardly free from the reproaches that, as I have just pointed out, are expressed in relation to hypnosis. Gakkebusch attempted to use hypnosis secretly so that the persons subjected to hypnosis would not know about it. Then "there should not and still cannot be any suspicion among the subjects that such a study can serve as material for the investigation." However, his arguments were not accepted by either Soviet or foreign criminologists. And the main thing here was not even a clear violation of the civil rights of those under investigation and witnesses - this never bothered Soviet investigators.

The main thing was different: there were no guarantees that even in a state of deep hypnosis, the hypnotized would tell the truth. On the contrary, there was a very high probability that in such a state the suspect or witness would be easily subject to hallucinations or subconscious suggestion by the interrogator. Therefore, his answers most often turn out to be very far from the truth. It's about investigating ordinary criminal offences. In this area in the USSR in the 1920s of the last century, unlike today's Russia, falsifications were not yet widespread. And it was possible to falsify evidence without the use of hypnosis, for example, by putting pressure on witnesses. In the capture of real criminals, hypnosis did not help in any way.

After his views were sharply criticized at home and abroad, V. M. Gakkebusch changed his position in 1928. Now, in a textbook intended for medical and socio-economic universities, he already much more carefully assessed the possibilities of hypnosis in forensic science: "The question arises - is it possible to rely on evidence in a state of hypnosis and is it worth resorting to hypnosis in cases where the necessary evidence cannot be obtained any other way?.. You can't rely on this kind of evidence." As a result, Gakkebusch came to a well-founded conclusion: "The use of hypnosis in order to establish forensic truth is practically of little use. Where it is feasible, it gives doubtful results, in terms of its reliability.

Just as persistent are rumors that hypnosis is actively used to obtain confidential information by intelligence and other intelligence agencies around the world. However, no convincing evidence for this has yet been obtained. However, the secret services know how to keep their secrets. At the same time, in the

1920s and 1930s, the Moscow doctor N.A. Smirnov, who used the stage name "Ornaldo", performed with pop mass hypnosis sessions in the USSR. There were persistent rumors that he was a secret policeman of the NKVD. Whether these rumors are true remains to be seen. But it is well known that Smirnov's daughter Antonina was married to Viktor Abakumov, who headed the USSR Ministry of State Security, and was arrested with him in 1951. Interestingly, their son

the famous psychiatrist Igor Smirnov, until his sudden death in 2005, was actively involved in the problems of hypnosis and, in particular, neurolinguistic programming. Perhaps the only well-documented case of

attempted use of hypnosis by the secret services is associated with the name of Academician Andrei Dmitrievich Sakharov. In 1993, the Independent Psychiatric Journal published an interview with V. E. Rozhnov dedicated to his meeting with A. D. Sakharov in 1984 in Gorky, where the academician was exiled for criticizing the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Rozhnov honestly admitted that he was sent to Gorky by the USSR Ministry of Health in order to achieve a change in the "means of psychotherapy" of the academician's attitude to continue the hunger strike, which Sakharov announced in connection with the refusal to release his family members to the United States. The psychiatrist said: "Discussing in the hospital the possibility of using psychotherapy methods - hypnosis and autogenic training, I said that this requires the indispensable consent of the patient. For ethical reasons first and foremost. In addition, it is impossible to influence a person in some way from the side, to achieve the effect, his desire to be exposed is required. If some doctor decided to perform hypnosis without the consent of the patient, it would only be irresponsible hack work ... When I was introduced to the patient and we had several conversations, I asked him if he agreed to the use of hypnosis. Having received Sakharov's categorical refusal from hypnotherapy, I naturally did not conduct any hypnosis sessions with him. An attempt was made to

offer Andrei Dmitrievich to learn the method of psychic self-regulation, self-hypnosis, which underlies autogenic training, since he suffered from insomnia. The techniques are widely known and are used not only in medicine, but also in sports, pedagogy, etc. I hoped that this would help eliminate sleep disorders. Yu. L. Pokrovsky, who was also invited to Gorky, was offered the candidature of the assistant of our department (now associate professor) for training. But also from this A. D. Sakharov

refused."

After many years, not all participants in the events described were alive or disposed to frankness. However

Associate Professor Yu. L. Pokrovsky willingly agreed to cooperate with N. N. Kitaev and not only sent him a photocopy of V. E. Rozhnov's interview with the Independent Psychiatric Journal, but also agreed to talk about meetings with Sakharov. Yuri Lvovich recalled: "My first trip was in the spring of 1984, when A. Sakharov went on a hunger strike and was in the regional hospital. V. Rozhnov had been there for 2-3 days, he called me to replace him. The task really was to force A. Sakharov to stop the hunger strike with the help of mental influence. On the day of my arrival, V. Rozhnov was leaving. He let me in on the problem and said that he had only talked with A. Sakharov several times and that nothing could be done with hypnosis, since in such an environment it was impossible to put a person into a trance state (hence, Yu. L. Pokrovsky planned to conduct with A. D Sakharov's Ericksonian hypnosis - B. S.). And although he did not speak directly about the hypnotization of A. Sakharov, I understood that he did not do this. V. Rozhnov suggested trying to work out autogenic training with A. Sakharov and, perhaps, inspire him to stop the hunger strike. I was only four times in A.

Sakharov's room. For the first time in a group of doctors, where I was introduced to A. Sakharov as a neuropathologist. Then once again I was in his room during the examination by the general practitioner A. Sakharov. Only the third time I was one on one with him, checked his reflexes (after all, I was introduced by a neuropathologist) and, in order to better get in touch, talked with him on philosophical topics, in particular, about the complexity of the structure of the brain (from this conversation I got a huge pleasure). The idea of conducting autogenic training sessions with A. Sakharov disappeared, because in such conditions and with such a mindset of A. Sakharov himself, it was impossible to do this, as well as to conduct hypnosis. At meetings with the chief physician, the possibility of other methods of psychological influence was discussed - suggestion to A. Sakharov during examination by various specialists about irreversible disorders that had already begun in various organs, etc. The fourth time he was present in the ward with the chief physician, other doctors and a group of nurses, when A. Sakharov was offered to stop the hunger strike and take food ... In the summer of the same year, A. Sakharov again went on a hunger strike. I was again sent to Gorky for a week, but no contact with

A. Sakharov was not. Thus, I did not conduct any hypnosis sessions with A. Sakharov, and, in my opinion, V. Rozhnov Same".

The case of Academician Sakharov proves that neither classical nor Ericksonian hypnosis can be used against the will of the hypnotized. In practice, this makes hypnosis useless not only for investigating crimes, but also for obtaining any kind of intelligence or counterintelligence information. After all, it will be almost impossible to persuade the source of such information to voluntarily undergo hypnosis. And hypnosis, carried out secretly from the hypnotized, without his knowledge and consent, cannot give any effect, since it will not be possible to introduce a person into a trance or hypnotic sleep.

It is widely believed that during a hypnosis session, the hypnotist often forces patients to have sexual intimacy. In practice, things are not so simple. In particular, in April 1928, a high-profile trial took place in Leningrad over Dr. Udaltsov from the clinic of the Military Medical Academy. Patient K., who suffered from hysterical neurosis, was brought by Udaltsov into a state of hypnotic sleep. She subsequently became pregnant and had an abortion. K. claimed that initially the doctor had sexual intimacy with her "under hypnosis", and then she continued this relationship during repeated meetings without hypnosis. Udaltsov, while recognizing "some ethical violation", insisted that he did not use hypnosis when he persuaded K. to sexual intimacy. As experts, the court involved eight of the largest neuropathologists in Leningrad, who, after a three-hour meeting, came to the conclusion that the patient could only not feel in

a hypnotic dream that she was having sexual contact if the dream had reached the lethargic stage. However, experiments carried out even during the preliminary investigation, it was reliably established that the sleep of patient K. did not reach such a stage. Udaltsov received two years in prison not for rape with the use of hypnosis, but only for malfeasance, that is, for using his

official position in order to persuade the patient to sexual intimacy. In the same year, 1928,

in Rostov-on-Don, an article by the German professor Recke "Rape in hypnosis" was published. A certain Anna N., after a series of hypnotic sessions, accused doctor X. of taking her into a deserted area in a state of hypnosis, where he raped her. In her testimony, the patient described in great detail her sexual relationship with the doctor and said that she had been forced to have an abortion. Dr. X. did not deny that he had had a sexual relationship with the patient, but claimed that it was voluntary and without any hypnosis. The investigation proved that Anna suffers from hysteria and is prone to lies, and her relationship with the doctor was voluntary. The statement about pregnancy and subsequent abortion is the fruit of her sick imagination. Professor Recke, in this regard, concluded that

"when accused of crimes in hypnosis, it is necessary to subject the alleged victim to psychiatric research ... Hypnotic suggestion cannot force the subject to commit such acts that contradict the basic warehouse of his personality; in those cases when the suggestible is in harmony with the personality, it is achieved without much difficulty and without hypnosis.

Professor N. Propper explains the persistence of rumors about rape under hypnosis in this way: "The hypnosis session itself, the environment in which hypnosis takes place, very often in various kinds of people with psychopathic traits, in hysterical subjects, causes a series of fantasies, sometimes of a sexual nature, which then can be presented after the hypnotic state as a realized act. Such cases are described in the literature, and therefore the rule has even been established that in persons with psychopathic features, and especially in hysterics, hypnosis should be carried out only in the presence of witnesses.

It is also widely believed that hypnosis is widely used by leaders of various religious sects. However, as Nikolai Kitaev notes, "to this day in Russia there is not a single reliably established case of the use of hypnosis in the activities of religious groups." There are three stages or phases of hypnosis:

1. The cataleptic phase, when the hypnotized person is motionless, his eyes are open, and his gaze is fixed on one point. The limbs at this stage retain the position given to them, often in a position that the person in question would never have been able to give to them normally.
condition.

2. Lethargic phase, when the hypnotized loses sensitivity, his muscles relax and he falls into a deep sleep. 3. The somnambulistic phase, when the person being

hypnotized comes into a lethargic state, but retains muscle activity. Thinking abilities at this stage cannot manifest themselves on their own. The man turns into a somnambulist. He becomes like an automaton, carrying out any, even the most incredible, orders of a hypnotist, but after waking up, he does not remember anything about it. In his memoirs, Mesmer claimed: "I ... have the ability to bring myself into a state of catalepsy.

This is an ancient art, which is excellently mastered by Indian yogis. Catalepsy is a state of complete immobility with absolutely frozen limbs and absolute stiffness of all muscles. When I enter a state of catalepsy, I can be put with the back of my head on one chair, with my heels on another, so that a kind of bridge is formed. At the same time, a very respectable person can sit on me. I cannot lift even a millimeter above the ground of this person in the normal state. And in a state of catalepsy, he can sit on me for as long as he likes. I don't even feel the weight of his body. In general, at this time I almost do not feel anything. The pulse ceases to be felt, breathing disappears, the heartbeat is almost imperceptible. The Soviet physiologist Ivan Pavlov explains this condition as follows: it usually occurs in nervous people with sudden strong excitement, with hysteria, or under the influence of hypnosis by an isolated shutdown of the cerebral cortex without inhibiting the activity of the

underlying sections of the neuromotor apparatus. I enter this state spontaneously, however, after a long, for several hours, self-preparation, which consists in collecting all my will into a single lump, apparently with the help of self-hypnosis. In recent years, during sessions of "Psychological Experiments" I do not demonstrate this skill of mine. But when I lived in Poland,

spontaneous catalepsy was an almost obligatory number of speeches. And more than once I had to meet my imitators there, who demonstrated the same skill with the help of purely mechanical devices. Did Messing really master the art of catalepsy? Probably yes.

As we remember, in one of those interviews that he gave in Poland in the interwar period, he directly says that he made one of his successful predictions - about the re-election of President Mościcki - just in a state of catalepsy. At the same time, Messing referred to his performance in a specific city - Lodz. It is unlikely that he would have attributed catalepsy to himself if he really did not master the corresponding art. After all, the interview preceded Messing's performances in some Polish city (it is possible that these were Lvov or Vilna, which by the time Messing's memoirs were published had long been Soviet, and it was inconvenient to call them as Polish cities; therefore, Messing preferred not to indicate, in in which particular city he gave the interview and in which particular newspaper it was published), and the audience probably expected from him, among other things, a number with catalepsy. In all likelihood, messing was

a true cataleptic.

In the Soviet Union, numbers with catalepsy, as with a kind of hypnosis, were actually banned. Nevertheless, Mikhail Vladimirovich Mikhalkov described the state of catalepsy in which the great telepath brought himself: "On stage, Messing could ossify - he put his head and heels on chairs, an obese man was called from the audience, who was forced to sit on Messing. The mage didn't even flinch. Messing treated people for alcohol and smoking. He could paralyze the brain of any person, he could even give tasks to a dog in the next room.

It is difficult to say whether Mikhalkov described one of the public sessions of Messing or whether it was a demonstration of catalepsy in a close circle of friends. It cannot also be ruled out that Mikhail Vladimirovich, who, as we have already seen, had a rich imagination, invented the entire episode with Messing's demonstration of catalepsy.

For the entertainment of readers, we will cite another entertaining episode from Mikhalkov's memoirs - about how they went to the National restaurant with a telepath: "Messing sat down at the table where they sat

American, Japanese and Czech. I sat down at the next table. They had lunch, and under the table Messing wrote down who was thinking about what during

the lunch meal. The American, seeing a Negro not far from him, thought: "Well, if this smelly creature would sit in Chicago in my restaurant, where would he be." The Japanese thought: "Heek again. Is it possible that in the most fashionable restaurant in Moscow they can't fry at least shark meat or cook something tasty from a turtle. How many fish dishes we have in Tokyo ... And here we don't even have seaweed." The Czech, looking after the departing waitress, thought: "I would have fucked her." Then I asked Messing: "What if I sat down at the table?" "No," Messing replied, I can only take three people. If there is a fourth at the table, everything will be mixed up in my head and I will not be able to catch the thoughts of everyone. Another time, Mikhalkov asked

Messing: "Do you consider yourself a unique phenomenon with special clairvoyant erudition?" To this, the telepath - again, if you believe the memoirist inclined to lie - replied: "The fact is that every ordinary citizen has, let's say, 20 percent of intuition, that is, a sense of self-preservation: he goes out into the street, looks left, right, in front of cars he doesn't run across the road, if he drinks, he tries not to be drunk, etc. You, - he turned to me, - a person who spent 4 years behind enemy lines in extreme conditions, developed 100 percent intuition, someone she is 300, and I have 1000 percent."

Tatyana Lungina testifies that in December 1963 Volf Grigoryevich was asked to conduct one session of catalepsy "in the Central House of Writers, so to speak, for a select audience. For in this there was more scientific interest than spectacular skill. A little more than a hundred people were present in the hall: medical workers and among them the director of the Institute of the Brain, Professor Sergeyev, for the sake of which Messing agreed to demonstrate a cataleptic state. There were many journalists.

Outwardly, it looked like this: a venerable surgeon conducts the most complicated demonstration operation for student trainees.

We previously agreed on an important moment of the session: we need a doctor's assistant who could return Messing from the arms of Morpheus to

normal condition. He himself, after such a huge break, did not hope for his own strength. Yes, and he was already 64 years old (by that time, according to Lungina, the break in catalepsy sessions was 26 years for Messing. Thus, it turns out that he held the last catalepsy session in Poland in 1938. - B.S.) . And a psychiatrist was invited as an assistant, a young woman

initiated into the "operational plan" of action, in case Messing himself could not return to a waking state.

Dr. Pakhomova did not have any special effective drugs. Just medical consumer goods: caffeine, strophanthin, oxygen. Well, she could also massage the heart, which was already widely practiced then. Volf Grigorievich

went on stage, folded his arms in an oriental manner and bowed low. He said that a long absence of practice does not give him confidence in success, and apologized in advance.

After standing for several minutes in silence, he froze in place, as if immersed in thought - for 7-10 minutes he stood like that. It was evident that life normally pulsates in it.

30-40 minutes passed, and it became clear that the person standing on the stage was already detached from the outside world, as if in front of you was a sculptural statue, a marble double of a famous person.

Messing fell into a stupor. The doctor checked the pulse and announced to those present that it was not palpable. Her assistants came out of the hall and placed two chairs facing each other with their backs inward. The men lifted Messing's lifeless body and laid it on two backs of chairs: with the heels on one, and on the other with the back of the head. The spectacle, I must say, is not pleasant, but science, like art, requires sacrifice. The body did not sag at all, as if a wooden figure had been laid down.

The heaviest of the men, standing on a side chair, sat on Messing's stomach. The body did not bend even then. Then the psychiatrist took out a large needle from a test tube with a disinfectant solution and pierced the muscles of Messing's neck through and

through. No reaction, not a drop of

blood. Professor Sergeev invited one of those present to go on stage and ask Messing something.

At that time, political passions were raging due to a dangerous confrontation with China, and Messing was asked if the heat would result in military actions on a global scale. The same question was repeated several times, but there was no answer. Some of those present suggested trying to get an answer in writing. Then they put an album on Messing's stomach, put a pen in his hand and asked the same question again. Messing jerked like a robot, raised his hand and wrote two words on the album: there will be peace!

That's where the session ended. Several medical manipulations, and the medicines at hand returned Messing to "this" world. However, it was noticeable how exhausted he was by this session of catalepsy.

A few days after this session, when Wolf Grigorievich came to me to celebrate the New Year with our family, it was still clear how hard that evening was for him. So frowning and taciturn, and even on such a holiday, we saw Messing for the first time. Probably, both Lungina and Mikhalkov talked about the same

catalepsy session conducted by Messing at the Central House of Writers at the end of 1967. Messing believed that the state of hypnotic sleep can

be induced not only in humans, but also in animals. The German physiologist Rudolf Heidenhain, a professor at the University of Breslau (now Wroclaw), mentioned by Messing in an interview, studied hypnosis and proved through experiments that, although one of the most common ways to induce hypnosis is verbal suggestion, the hypnotic state itself significantly increases the effectiveness of suggestion and its susceptibility, hypnosis and suggestion are different phenomena. Animals can also be put into hypnotic sleep. But verbal suggestion in a state of hypnotic sleep can only be done to a person, and not to everyone. Heidenhain considered hypnosis as a sleep of the mind, during which consciousness is suppressed. It occurs due to the fatigue of cortical cells (sound,

monotonous visual and tactile stimuli). Heidenhain emphasized that in a trance (hypnotic sleep) a person acts like an automaton, unconsciously, not noticing the surrounding reality. Words are perceived without analysis and understanding. The subject does not remember anything in a trance, but this is not related to

with a weakening of memory, but with the fact that unconscious actions are not remembered. Memory is closely related to consciousness.

Heidenhain also noted that if the subject is hinted at what exactly happened during hypnosis, he will either immediately or gradually, but remember everything. In deep hypnosis, consciousness is suppressed, and therefore the visual impressions received by the subject directly stimulate his motor apparatus to activity. In the same way, verbal commands give rise to auditory impressions that directly affect the motor apparatus. January 19, 1880, delivering a

lecture on hypnosis, Heidenhain, in particular, said: "Dear sirs! It seems to me that it is a matter of public interest to take care that from the really amazing phenomena that most of you have witnessed, false conclusions are not drawn, conclusions about some mysterious, new miraculous forces, the essence of which is still unknown. There is reason to fear that this may indeed happen. After all, so-called spiritualism confuses not only the ordinary public, but even serious scientists, eminent in their field, in spite of all the natural-scientific enlightenment of our time. After all, it was one of these scientists who quoted the spirits and photographed their traces with the help of the American Slade. After all, along with the three visible dimensions known to us, they also invented a fourth invisible one, where objects with three dimensions, for example, tables, etc., disappear from the eyes, and pieces of coal, thrown by invisible hands, fly over the heads of frightened spectators, members without a body appear, and so on. similar tricks. After all, one well-known philosopher declared all these tales for a new revelation of divine omnipotence, aimed at awakening unbelieving humanity to faith again! At a time when such things are possible, one should be afraid that the phenomena reproduced by Mr. Hansen will give rise to some new form of superstition. Mentioning a certain Garkot in a Polish interview, Messing had in mind the famous French psychiatrist Jean-Martin Charcot. He has conducted a number of clinical studies using hypnosis. Charcot argued that

faith, or suggestion, plays an important role in the healing of patients with hysteria. Thus, he anticipated

the therapeutic effect of Freud's method of psychoanalysis, which was strongly influenced by Charcot. Charcot argued that "healing faith, religious and secular, cannot be divided; it is the same brain process producing the same actions." The patient's faith in a future cure is the main remedy in healing; and the creation of such a conviction in a person is the task of the healer. Charcot believed that famous religious healers such as Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa of Avila, etc., themselves "suffered from the same disease, the manifestations of which they then began to heal", that is, hysteria. Sometimes the hypnotic effect is accompanied by the use of pharmaceuticals. This type of hypnosis is called drug analysis. It was started by the German

physician Paul Schilder, who discovered in the 1920s that they resisted psychotherapeutic methods. Patients, of course, wanted to be cured, but internal prohibitions and attitudes prevented them from fully revealing themselves to the psychiatrist. Schilder decided to suppress this resistance with the help of drugs, thus trying to remove the control of the intellect. For this purpose, drugs were used that are widely used for anesthesia, the treatment of insomnia and

etc.

Repeated attempts have been made to develop the so-called "truth serum" - a drug that would help to obtain information from a person, even against his will, both together with the parallel use of hypnosis, and independently, using the "serum" alone. The most famous case of the use of "truth serum" in the USSR was the interrogation at the end of May

1985 by KGB officers of Colonel Oleg Gordievsky, then a KGB resident in London, who had worked for British intelligence since 1974. In 1985, he was summoned to Moscow, suspected of betrayal. In his memoirs, Gordievsky recalled how he was treated to cognac at the KGB official dacha, after which he was interrogated for several hours why he had betrayed the Motherland. In the drink, as Gordievsky believed, some substance was mixed that suppresses the will, but Gordievsky still did not admit to treason. There was no direct evidence against him, and after checking with the "truth serum", the observation of Gordievsky was

significantly weakened. Two weeks after the memorable interrogation, Gordievsky was able to evade surveillance and contact the British embassy in Moscow, which organized his escape to England. It is difficult to say whether "truth serum" was really used during the

interrogation of Gordievsky. Oleg Antonovich, of course, was very worried - after all, exposure threatened him with execution. Therefore, it really could have seemed to Gordievsky that "truth serum" was being used against him, while in fact they simply tried to make him drunk with cognac, in the hope that he would get drunk, lose self-control and somehow give himself away.

There is another version of why Gordievsky managed to avoid the inevitable, it would seem, exposure and relatively easily leave for England. Just in 1984-1985, a number of "moles" in the KGB structures were exposed, who turned out to be double agents of the American and British special services. This significantly lowered the prestige of the KGB in the eyes of the top political leadership. The then head of the KGB, Viktor Kryuchkov, could have deliberately allowed Gordievsky's escape, since the escape could have been a lesser blow to him than the closed trial of Gordievsky, at which the exposed traitor, who would have had nothing to lose, could well announce some information compromising Kryuchkov, which in his turn could serve as a pretext for the resignation of the head of the KGB. Let me remind you that in a similar way, the leadership of British intelligence and counterintelligence preferred to let the famous Soviet spy Kim Philby, one of the leaders of the Secret Intelligence Service, leave. There was strong evidence against him, but his trial threatened to discredit British intelligence even more than his flight to Moscow.

Regarding "drug analysis", one can refer to the Soviet researcher V. M. Nikolaychik, who, back in 1973, stated: "Many American forensic scientists believe that a suspect, a long interrogation, can usually resist interrogation under drugs." Professor A. R. Ratinov, one of the founders capable resist skillful And
of Russian legal psychology, fully agrees with this opinion: "Reducing or turning off volitional control from

involved persons, the investigator always runs the risk of pushing them into an objectively wrong course of action, which, due to enthusiasm or prejudice, may seem to him to be consistent with the truth, but in reality it is not. That is why the idea of the possibility of using hypnosis in the process of investigation should be resolutely rejected.

Regarding hypnosis, Messing stated in his memoirs: "The way I master the art of hypnosis goes far beyond the well-known, and, therefore, I have no right not to talk about it ... Believers also bring themselves into a hypnotic state, repeatedly saying accepted in many religions simple, short prayers, like "Holy God, have mercy on me." When this is repeated hundreds and thousands of times, a hypnotic state sets in.

This is also the result of countless bows made before icons.

Modern science distinguishes three stages of hypnosis. The first of these is drowsiness. A person in this stage of hypnosis feels the need for rest, an extraordinary heaviness of the body, it is difficult for him to open his eyes. It is in this state that most believers listen to long church services. When I saw people in cathedrals, standing for hours in an uncomfortable position on stones, stretched out on the steps, pressing their foreheads against the

foot of crucifixes, I could not get rid of the thought that these people were in the second stage of hypnosis - in a state of so-called

hypotaxis.

With hypotaxia, a state of waxy flexibility of the body is noted. Any of its members and the whole body can be given a difficult position, which would be extremely difficult to maintain in a normal state, but which is completely easy, almost imperceptible in

state of hypoxia.

The third stage of hypnosis is somnambulism. In this state, the hypnotized person is completely detached from all external stimuli, except for the command of the person who brought him into this state.
state.

In a state of hypnosis, the word of the hypnotist acquires tremendous power over the human psyche and over his body. Power, completely objective, such that in most cases it does not have over its

body of the person being tested. Force yourself, say, not to feel the burn when the light of a lit cigarette is leaned against your hand! And I had to see this inhuman experience, which at one time was often demonstrated in circuses in Poland. Or, on the contrary, try to convince yourself that an ordinary pencil is a rod heated in a fire that burns your body. And on the hand of a hypnotized person, when touched with such a pencil, an ulcer occurs from a burn. A hypnotized alcoholic was instilled with an aversion to vodka. I saw at that

moment his stomach on the X-ray screen. It contracted in the most unambiguous way, furiously trying to throw out the poison supposedly in it, although there was nothing in it. Try to command your stomach at least some movement! They say to the hypnotized: - Here is a vessel with ice water in front of you. Put your hand in it.

Your hand is unbearably cold...

And although the water in the vessel has a temperature of 45 degrees above zero, the hand of the hypnotized person is covered with large goosebumps, the blood vessels narrow sharply. This is undeniably evidenced by the objective readings of instruments ... Try to command the vessels of your hand to spontaneously shrink or expand!

In a hypnotized state, many people sharpen their telepathic abilities (it is interesting that Messing sincerely believed in the connection between telepathy and hypnosis. - B.S.). Suggestion from a hypnotist to a hypnotized person can be transmitted directly from brain to brain. Such experiments were made repeatedly by many hypnotists at different times and in different countries. Actually, telepathy began with the discovery of this phenomenon.

A general explanation of hypnosis has been found. It consists in greater or lesser inhibition of the cerebral cortex. Inhibition of individual sections or the entire cortex can occur for various reasons - both natural and artificial. Well, let's say, under the influence of a

strong fright, a person was speechless. He cannot utter a word. He learned long ago that there was nothing to be afraid of, but the tongue and larynx do not obey him.

There was an instant inhibition of that part of the cerebral cortex that controls speech. Under the influence of a new strong excitation, this part of the brain can be disinhibited. Such a strong excitation is able to cause a hypnotist. Most cases of "miraculous cures" are based on this, as well as the hypnotic treatment, which is quite widely used in many countries.

Yet hypnosis is still a very little-studied phenomenon. Many manifestations of it are not so easy to explain only by inhibition of areas of the cerebral cortex ... I think it is

very correct that in the Soviet country the right to practice hypnosis is limited by special regulations. But I think that everyone should know the truth about hypnosis. And scientists need to study this interesting phenomenon in as much detail as possible."

However, sometimes Messing still risked performing public hypnosis sessions, but he did it in rather remote places. So, a resident of the Altai Territory, Erwin Dmitrievich Hoffman, recalled: "I saw Messing's performance in the late 40s, in the village of Lebyazhye, Yegoryevsky district. I remember how he inspired several spectators that the stage was a meadow dotted with flowers, and they began to "pluck" them, wandering around the stage on their haunches. I remember how Messing inspired the carpenter Pasha Chuvanov that he, Pasha, would now conduct a large ensemble of musicians, but he must bear in mind that his trousers were without a belt. And Pasha really conducted, pulling up his trousers every now and then -

to the delight of the audience ... "Messing considered one of the varieties of hypnosis called "folk medicine":

"Probably, you also had to read or hear how healers "talk blood". Here it pours from a deep wound, beats with a direct pulsating stream. Some large artery was clearly cut... The healer is leaning over the wound. Whispers some incomprehensible words. The wound - wipe it - dry. Blood

stops...

... Probably, you have heard such an expression - "talking teeth". More often, however, they say "don't talk my teeth into it." This expression came from Polish and Belarusian and, probably, from Russian villages, where in the old days there was no mention of

dentists. But the teeth - I am convinced of this - people always hurt. How were they treated there?

Conspiracies. The same healer, the same healer came to the patient, whispered some words, made some gestures - and the teeth stopped hurting. More precisely, the person ceased to feel this pain.

Both that and another - and "blood to speak" and "teeth to speak" - takes only a few seconds.

Marvelous? Yes. But nothing miraculous, in any case, is not here. There is no interference of "otherworldly forces" - neither evil nor good. This is also a form of hypnosis. I say this with such conviction and knowledge of the matter, because

I myself know how to "talk" my teeth and drive out headaches no worse than the most famous healers. I've done this thousands of times. And, as they say, always without a misfire. Of course, I do without spells and whispers. They are not needed. I just look at my patient and imagine at the same time my jaw, which does

not bother me at all, my absolutely healthy tooth. And I talk at the same time with the patient about his illness. And his tooth stops hurting. It takes the same amount of time as it took you to read this paragraph. In a similar way, I stop the headache. Probably, the Central Asian tabibs ("tabib" in translation from the Turkic languages means "healer" - B.S.) and healers of those bitten by a snake also heal in the same way. I say "probably" because personally with such cases it is not

encountered.

Of course, you don't need to contact me or the healers either with a toothache or with a headache. By removing the pain, I can make you forget about the need to see a doctor. And you will lose a tooth that could be filled in a timely manner. The healer makes the patient not feel pain, the doctor cures radically, eliminates the cause of the pain. But pain is needed: pain is a signal that something is wrong in the body ...

I also know how to inspire my will to a person, say, looking into his back of the head. Or not looking at it at all.

I very rarely use it. But, leafing through the pages of memory, to give an example from my life, I remember ...

I remember a small but cozy hall in one of the ministries in Moscow.

Everything goes well. The audience conscientiously and friendly try to understand what I show them. I no less friendly and conscientiously try to help them in this ...

And suddenly, at the end of the hall, an almost spherical figure of the biggest boss here appears. Everyone stands up to greet. And the boss, not responding to greetings, twists his mouth and looks at me skeptically. "Oh,

so," I mentally say, "you don't believe it, well, I'll make you believe - you will be a ballerina." And I add aloud: - So you will be my inductor.

And the fat boss, at my mental command, suddenly ridiculously starts jumping between the rows of chairs, past his taken aback subordinates to me on the stage. Messing

acted with the same methods that were used by both traditional healers and professional hypnotists. He could heal neuroses by suggestion and bring temporary relief from pain to other patients. In the same way, in Bulgakov's novel *The Master and Margarita*, Yeshua Ha-Nozri heals the procurator Pontius Pilate of an unbearable headache. But the procurator's headache is clearly of neurotic origin. He subconsciously feels that he is about to do something terrible, and this causes him an attack of pain.

The episode of how, with the help of hypnosis, Messing punished the boss who doubted his gift, in his words, is much more colorfully set out in the book of Tatyana Lungina. In an oral story, in contrast to his memoirs intended for censored publication, Wolf Grigoryevich made it clear that he spoke to employees of one of the power ministries, most likely the Ministry of Defense. He also detailed how he took the liberty of mocking an unnamed Colonel General:

"... I can inspire will in a person, even looking at the back of his head. Or not exposing it to visual location at all. That is why I rarely used the "cross-gaze", since this method of suggestion, although it produces an effect, is not as strong as the "blind" method ... Flipping through the pages of memory, I remember ...

... A small cozy hall in one of the ministerial mansions in Moscow. My viewers are employees of the institution that owns the hall. Most have on their shoulders the shoulder straps of senior officers, and not uncommon - generals. I'm on stage and

everything is going according to the program. The audience conscientiously and benevolently try to understand the essence of what I show them. For my part, I try not to allow any special mystery and help them understand the experiments ...

Suddenly, at the end of the hall, a figure of a man with the epaulettes of a colonel-general appears. Everyone stands up, obsequiously greeting him. And he goes to the front row and with undisguised

skepticism and irony deeps: - Well, let's see your tricks. I got angry at this swaggering bureaucrat with his prejudiced contempt for my

"quackery". "Tricks?! That's good, you will be my inductor!" I ordered him mentally. And he went behind him, forcing him to perform actions that were not respectable for his position: he went to the stage, dancing - three steps forward, one back, as in a round dance. The audience froze, watching the tricks of their great boss and guessing that Wolf Messing was behind this. Everything ended well, since the general himself did not know what he was doing, and none of his subordinates ever dared to remind him of this ...

Hypnosis? Yes, of course, but it is more difficult than getting a person to do the same, making measured passes in a quiet environment of a doctor's office, with a benevolent attitude of the patient towards the hypnotist.

I often used my hypnotic abilities for the treatment of mental illness, both among the powerful of this world and in the families of "mere mortals".

In his memoirs, Messing told how he treated one Polish count for a severe neurosis: "It would be wrong if I keep silent in this book that I often used hypnosis to treat mental illness. I did this even in those distant times, when I knew absolutely nothing about the essence of hypnosis, did not know scientific recommendations, being guided only by common sense. It is possible that

what I have told will meet objections from experts, perhaps I will be reproached for wrong actions, but what happened, happened.

One Polish count developed an unpleasant and very strange disease for those around him. It seemed to him that in his head they had built a nest for themselves ... pigeons. Yes, ordinary pigeons, sisari ...

One form of insanity? Yes. An obsession: "I have a pigeon's nest in my head ..." They turned to

doctors. But the count had a difficult character, and he refused to be treated: it seemed to him that they were trying to lure him into an operation by any means, during which they would cut his head in half. Then they turned to me.

I did not convince the patient, appealing to his common sense, that doves cannot live in the head. On the contrary, I brought with me to the very first meeting a long shiny tube on a tripod - like a portable telescope - with some kind of wheels and screws. I installed it and looked through this pipe at the patient's head.

"Yes, Count," I said, "you are right. You have a pigeon's nest in your head. And - overwhelming. A whole pigeon!

— Do I doubt it? And day and night they flap their wings ... And then somehow a cat climbed up to them! Here was a commotion. I thought my head was going to explode...

— I can kick out your crazy tenants, and, moreover, in such a way that they will not

return. - I will be very

obliged ... Having once again looked into the pipe, "counted the pigeons", "estimated" how best to drive them out, I returned home. The next day the count sent

for me early in the morning. - The chicks hatched - pigeons! he announced almost joyfully. The pipe went into action again - by the way, it did not even have an optical glass. The breeding of chicks has been confirmed. The next day, a decisive "cleansing" of the count's dovecote

head was scheduled ... Having agreed in advance with the count's relatives, I led three of my assistants into the garden with live pigeons in their hands. Blindfolding the patient's eyes, he brought him down. At my sign, one of the assistants released a dove - I shot in the face of the patient with a pistol. Then, taking a pre-shot dove from his pocket, he thrust it into his h

"One is ready," I said. If I hadn't shot him
air, he could return. And now - fool around! Everything is over...

This was repeated two more times. Then the newborn pigeons
"jumped out" - simply from fear of shots ...

Then I allowed the patient to remove the bandage from his face and
open his eyes. He personally buried the corpses of the poor in my presence.
birds under a giant branchy oak in his park.

His head remained "clean" for several years, until a close
acquaintance revealed to him the essence of what was happening,
believing that the count was cured forever. Having learned the truth, he
grabbed his head with a cry ... Pigeons since then "lived" in it with him
until his death. I think there were no means to cure

him a second time ... What is it? Quackery? No, hypnosis.
Suggestion. I simply lowered myself to the mental faculties of my patient
and, by means accessible to his understanding, destroyed his disease.
More precisely, I inspired him that he was not sick ... The man believed
me and could remain healthy

until his death ... By hypnosis, I instill an aversion to alcohol, to cigarettes and
in general to tobacco smoke, to other drugs. I

just have to say right away: I don't do this professionally - you
shouldn't turn to me with requests for a cure. If you do not have enough
strength and will to stop drinking, consult a doctor. They now have
excellent, repeatedly proven remedies for the most chronic alcoholics ...
If you want to quit smoking, don't smoke, that's all. I do not believe that
there is at least one person in the world who, having gathered all his
will into a fist, could not for a year not once take a cigarette into his
mouth. And after that, even if he takes her, she will not give him
pleasure. Just don't get into that habit again. I treated people close to
me for alcoholism and

smoking, mostly by accident. When I instilled in my patients an
aversion to alcohol, I myself -

for months! — could not stand even the faint smell of liquor. This
disgust for them at first covered me all over. And after that I could pass
it on to my wards. When my prescribed treatment period ends, I lose
my distaste for wine. But the person cured by me
keeps it on

long years. And there - it all depends on him. I

smoke a lot. But when there are sessions of instilling aversion to tobacco, I myself quit smoking and without convulsions in my body I cannot endure the faintest smell of cigarette smoke. Again, I light up, only after finishing the cycle of

suggestions ... "The episode with the Polish count, perhaps, was invented by Messing, who sought to show that he was a member of the high society of pre-war Polish society. But this episode quite accurately reflects the peculiarities of the psychoanalytic method of treatment. It is important to convince the patient that the source of his phobia has been discovered and will now be destroyed by the psychoanalyst. It does not matter here whether the given explanation corresponds to the truth, it is only necessary to convince the patient of the truth of this explanation.

And here is another case of miraculous healing carried out by Messing, this time without an unfavorable relapse. At the anniversary evening at the Central House of Medical Workers in 1967, according to Lungina, "at the very beginning, a woman rose to him and said publicly that she had been suffering from an unbearable headache for more than six months. Messing asked for a glass of water, and someone poured it from a crystal decanter that stood on the table of the honorary presidium. Wolf Grigoryevich said something quietly in the

woman's ear, held her wrist for a few seconds and ordered her to drink a few sips of water. And almost immediately, joyfully, she declared that the pain had disappeared.

Just like a gospel scene: "Get up and go!" - Christ said to the sick Lazarus ... A wonderful

hairdresser is not able to cut his own hair. And a virtuoso surgeon will not be able to perform a simple operation on his shoulder to remove, say, a piece of glass. But why is a telepath in the same situation, capable of expelling a serious illness from the body of another with just one suggestion? And just in such a trap was Messing. He was unable to overcome his illnesses.

forces."

Lungina also gives one quite Freudian example from Messing's psychotherapeutic practice, which he told her:

"Somehow, after another performance in the Urals, a twenty-two-year-old young man came to my hotel room. AND

although, as always, I was extremely exhausted by the two-hour session, I could not help but accept it. It was already so obvious even by his appearance that he was faced with a big trouble. Despair and mortal longing

read in his eyes.

At first glance I understood that the young man had some kind of love tragedy, but I realized the full depth later when I saw the photograph. And before that, I heard this confession. A fatal meeting with a woman

(the first in his life) occurred at the age of twenty, when he came to this Ural city to work. Almost from infancy, he was brought up in an orphanage and only as a boy

did he learn from his teachers that his parents were "enemies of the people": his father was shot after the trial, and his mother's trace was lost in the camps. He did not know his real name either. At the age of sixteen, he entered a technical school and two years ago he came here to work. In anticipation of a place in the dormitory of the plant, where he was accepted as a mechanic, he lived in a local hotel. In the same hotel, passing through - something about a week - a woman unknown to him also lived.

They got to know each other. The woman was much older than him, but apparently seven or eight years old. A stormy romance began, which lasted all the days while the woman lived in a hotel. And just as

suddenly interrupted: she had to go to the capital in order to restore her documents and good name after her release from the camp and rehabilitation. They couldn't even say goodbye, and she didn't really want to. Women's wisdom correctly told her that nothing could come of this. The age gap is too big. And, as he noticed, she was even glad that the Tomsk-Moscow train would pass through their station just in time for his evening shift. She left no address or any landmarks. In those few stormy days, they spent all his free time together, and once in the city park they took pictures "for memory". And that's all he has this sweet-sad memory ...

With a trembling hand, the guy reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulled out his wallet. He handed me a black and white photograph ... I was stunned. I saw a very beautiful woman's face, indeed even

not youthful, but young, although she was in her thirty-eighth year ... I was so shocked that I myself was afraid of my long silence, as if a young man could have telepathic abilities and "read" in my silence the terrible discovery that I made. I held in my hands clear evidence of a repetition of the tragedy of Oedipus Rex.

And in front of me stood a living example of the "Oedipus complex" - a sensitive, honest and mentally finely organized young man whom I had to help.

No, in the photograph he did not look like her, no visible signs told me about kinship. But I didn't doubt for a second that the photograph was of a mother and son...

Having heard about my abilities and several cases of sensational predictions, he wanted to know if I could determine her whereabouts, and most importantly, if she would be the mother of his child.

Monstrous scenes flashed through my imagination: a woman yearning for male affection for a decade and a half in prisons and camps in the arms of her son ... To reveal this secret to him means

inevitably dooming him to severe and incurable madness. No, we need a saving lie! And the lines of the famous "White Veil" by Shandor Petofi come to mind.

Indeed, I did not "see" anything in the direction of his mother, only a nightmarish reality of what had happened. And I decided to deceive, looking for support in Petofi's poem.

Briefly, its plot is as follows. On the eve of his son's execution, his mother comes to see him for the last time and promises that on that fateful morning of his, she will attempt to get the despot king to cancel the execution. At any cost, even at the loss of feminine dignity... And let him tomorrow morning, when they take him to the execution, look at the balcony of his house, where she will stand.

If she is in a black mourning cloak - well, then nothing can be changed, "... know that your death is inevitable." And if she comes out onto the balcony in a white veil, then the tyrant has mercy and at the last minute the execution will be canceled.

In the morning he is taken out on his last journey. The crowd ardently greets the martyr, but he keeps looking into the distance, where the mother should soon appear - with a sign of life or death.

And when the procession came close to the countess's house, he saw her, calm and full of majesty and pride, in a white veil ... And his heart rejoices with happiness! He is taken to the chopping block ... Poem ends like this:

He even smiled in the noose ...
Oh, holy lie! Only a mother
could lie like that, full of fear. So that
the son does not flinch before the execution!

I gathered my will, trying not to betray myself in any way, and told him: - You must believe me and heed my words and advice. Your good friend married a foreigner and is now outside of Russia. She has a child, but not from you. Forget it... Do you have the negative of this photo? No, that's great. I'll keep it for myself, okay? Well, as a memory of our meeting ... So your worries are in vain, although I understand you. The young man hesitated for a long time until he agreed to give me the photograph. I asked him once again to visit me somehow while my tour continues in his city.

Five days later, he again visited me in the room, and I was pleased to note that this time he looked much calmer, the alarming feverish gleam in his eyes disappeared.

You, Tanyusha, know that my talisman - my three-carat ring - is always with me, but I also carried with me a funny figure of an Eskimo in national dress, carved on bones, as a gift to me in Magadan on one of my trips to Siberia.

I took it out of the box, set my initials and handed over to his guest.

He thanked me warmly and left, as it seemed to me, almost without the burden of recent torment ... "

This story, despite all its literary character, is very similar to the truth. Messing could well have such a meeting in his life. Despite the fact that he told Lungina, Wolf Grigorievich in

in fact, he could notice a certain similarity in facial features between the woman in the photograph and the young man who brought it to him, and realized that he, like Oedipus, had become friends with his own mother. The cited poem by Petofi "The White Veil" is a good illustration of the effect of therapeutic psychoanalytic techniques. The black mourning cloak is the true, unknown cause of a neurotic illness, and the white one is that cause of the illness, of which the psychoanalyst has been able to assure his patient of the truth and which he undertakes to eliminate, thereby ensuring recovery.

In his memoirs, Messing wrote: "Just a few years ago, the then almost unknown word "hypnopedias" first appeared in print. This term was christened a new method of learning, or rather, remembering in a dream using a completely peculiar form of hypnosis. Its essence is simple. Let's say you need to learn English. It is well known how difficult and painstaking it is to learn a language, especially if you are out of childhood. The most unpleasant thing is memorizing words, "cramming". Hypnopedias gets rid of it. All the cramming of words is transferred to the period of sleep ... During the period of sleep, the tape recorder "whispers" the content of the lesson being

studied in a quiet voice to the student. Whispers once, a second, a third ... A person sleeps and usually does not even dream. But in the morning, to his own surprise, it turns out that he knows all the words that are included in the next task. I read that such a "night" task consists of 30-40 words at present, but specialists in hypnopedias educators believe that three hundred words a night is quite an acceptable norm. Everyone who has studied a foreign language knows how hard it is to learn three hundred new words. And by the method of hypnopedias, this is practically imperceptible to the student. What is hypnopedias? I am convinced: another very little known type of hypnosis. It is beginning to find more and more widespread use and, of course, has every chance of becoming the most important means of intensifying the learning process for both schoolchildren and adults.

By the way, physicians should also use conventional hypnosis more widely. The time has come for this.

Hypnosis is a dangerous weapon. But just like the energy of an atom, its should be used wisely."

It should be noted that, despite the ability to self-hypnosis, Messing never used hypnopedia methods and did not become a polyglot. As for his assertion that hypnosis is a dangerous weapon, it seems to be exaggerated. So far, thank God, there have been no cases recorded when professional hypnotists could inspire crowds of people to mass manifestations of violence. But this is often possible for professional politicians who do not own any secrets of science.

Chapter Seven

Was there an arrest? Wolf Messing during the war

Like for the vast majority of Soviet citizens, the attack by Nazi Germany, with which non-aggression and friendship treaties were concluded less than two years ago, came as a complete surprise to Messing. In his memoirs, he says nothing about predicting June 22 as the date for the German invasion. Otherwise, readers would have a legitimate question: why did Comrade Messing, knowing in advance about Hitler's impending perfidious attack on the Land of Soviets, not immediately warn Comrade Stalin about this, with whom, again, according to his memoirs, he was almost on friendly terms? leg? And Messing honestly wrote in his memoirs that he was not alarmed by anything on the eve of the fateful night. Anxiety seized him as if only from Sunday morning: "In June 1941, I went to Georgia. As now, I remember this Sunday, June 22, 1941. On the eve of Saturday, my speech took place, it was very successful. Sunday morning we took the funicular. For some reason, I felt uncomfortable all the time. The mood was just bad. And at 11:30 Moscow time, Molotov's speech. The Great Patriotic War began.

We returned to Moscow by train. Darkened stations. Almost every one has a document check. In general vigilance, I had to convince myself from my own experience: my somewhat extravagant appearance, foreign accent led to the fact that I was mistaken for a spy several times. My first Soviet "impresario", who traveled with me, was rescued by the writer Viktor Fink (thus, Messing does not remember any Sima as an impresario. - B.S.). Upon arrival in Moscow, as soon as I was left alone on the street - Fink

went straight from the station to his home - I was nevertheless arrested. And a few days later, when I asked how to get to such and such a street, they arrested me again - this time a very nice girl, a combatant.

In these days of the beginning of the war, I experienced difficult moments. I internally felt superfluous. The question arose before me: how can I help my second homeland in the fight against the fascist plague? The state of my health was such that I could not even think about personal participation in the battles (obviously, even then a disease of the vessels of the legs manifested itself, which ultimately brought Messing to the grave. Perhaps this disease was the result of the hard work of a telepath during performances. - B.S.). My art remained, my skill. But who needs at such a time, I thought, Wolf Messing with his "psychological experiments"?

Viktor Grigoryevich Fink, mentioned here, a Jewish Soviet writer who graduated from the Sorbonne Faculty of Law and fought in the ranks of the French Foreign Legion in the First World War, was still alive at the time of writing his memoirs - he will die only in 1973. So there is no doubt that it was he who was the impresario of Messing in 1941. Fink, who had lived in France for many years, knew "bourgeois life" well and could easily find psychological contact with Messing and make it easier for him to gradually get used to the realities of Soviet life.

It suddenly became clear that the Soviet leaders considered that the art of Messing could best serve to raise the spirits of the Soviet people, both wounded in hospitals and home front workers. But they didn't send him to the front - it was too risky. Messing recalled: "I was evacuated to Novosibirsk. It turns out that someone somewhere thought about the citizen of the USSR Wolf Messing, that his peculiar abilities are interesting to people. They wanted to see me in hospitals, and workers of defense factories, who did not leave the shops for weeks, and soldiers of the forming units and subunits. Often the halls were filled with people who came directly from the machines. And they left me for the machines. And the fighters sometimes held rifles in their hands ... I did everything I could to inspire them with my art, to give them a charge of new strength for work and struggle.

In confirmation of what he did during the harsh years of the war, Messing cited the following reviews of his work:

"On July 17, 1942, Messing spoke in the evacuation hospital with his "psychological experiments" in front of the wounded of our

hospital.

Messing's experiments made a stunning impression on the audience. All tasks were carried out accurately and were accompanied by a standing

ovation. Wounded fighters, commanders, political workers and employees of the hospital express great gratitude to Messing for his performance in the

hospital. Beginning hospital in / doctor of the 3rd rank Soshina. "With exceptional attention, the soldiers, sergeants and officers of the garrison watched six concerts of Wolf Grigorievich Messing, which were attended by more than three thousand people (which means that more than five hundred spectators attended each concert. If Messing gave about 200 concerts a year, then annually under the influence of his psychological experiments could be more than a hundred thousand people. This was already a very solid audience, and the authorities should have paid attention to the "trustworthiness" of such a popular artist. However, they were undoubtedly reassured by the complete absence in the performances of even a hint of politics or satire and the absence of any connections with modern Soviet life. To officials, Messing probably seemed more harmless than any pop satirist. It was not without reason that a high-ranking party functionary P. K. Ponomarenko gave him a "start in life" - B.

S.). These concerts made a great impression on us, the audience. Messing performed exceptionally complex numbers given to him by the "inductor", and at the same time with great accuracy. He proved that these were not tricks related to the sleight of hand of a person, but an extremely complex psychological scientific work carried out by him over a long period of years and of exceptional interest from the point of view of the development of psychology as a science. On behalf of the

soldiers, sergeants and officers, I express my heartfelt gratitude to Wolf Grigorievich Messing and wish him further fruitful work for the benefit of the development of science in our Socialist Motherland. Chief of the garrison, Major General of

Artillery Shurshin. "Red Navy men, foremen and officers of the military unit Plevaya Mail No. 51215 sincerely thank you for the

Sunday, February 6, 1944, two sponsored concerts, which aroused great interest among the street staff. There

is nothing mysterious and supernatural in your experiments. This evidence is the ability to control oneself and, with great will power, to concentrate one's attention in the performance of a particular task.

Once again, we warmly thank you and wish you, Volf Grigoryevich, further creative success in your work. Deputy

commander for political affairs captain of the third rank Norkin.

"Your speech

to the professors, teaching staff and students of the Magnitogorsk State Pedagogical Institute demonstrated an outstanding ability to read thoughts (understanding inner speech), developed by you to an extraordinary height and accuracy.

The purpose of your experiments - the development of the forces hidden in the human psyche, and the education of the will - is worthy of every encouragement. Especially now, when the peoples of our Union are on the verge of the end of the Great Patriotic War, showing heroic willpower, work in this direction - in the direction of the study and development of will - is very important. That is why your speeches are of great educational value.

On behalf of the entire staff of the institute, we express our heartfelt gratitude to you and wish you productive work for the benefit of our great

Motherland." Undoubtedly, Messing was very pleased to read these lines. He sincerely hated the Nazis who unleashed the Second World War, threatened to wipe the Jewish people off the face of the earth, seized his native Poland and threatened to enslave his second homeland, the Soviet Union. He wished in every possible way victory for the Soviet people, seeing in it the only hope for the salvation of mankind from Nazi aggression. Messing probably believed that his "psychological experiments" strengthened the will to win among the soldiers, and helped the home front workers to more steadfastly endure the hardships that had fallen from the war. True, some of the ratings in these reviews were simple quotations from the speech, with which the impresario preceded Messing's own telepathic experiments. Yes, and "blanks" of reviews, most likely, were

impresario (he is also the host of the evening). But the feelings of the audience were sincere! And Wolf Grigoryevich was not mistaken when he believed that his speeches strengthened the morale of the army and the people. It would seem that what is in common between the harsh military reality and guessing where exactly in the hall a comb, wallet or nail file is hidden? But in fact, Messing gave people, perhaps the most important thing that they needed at that moment - faith in a miracle, which was akin to faith in victory. Indeed, in 1941-1942, when the fate of the country literally hung in the balance, our victory could seem like a miracle. And of course, such reviews were a kind of safe-conduct for Messing. After all, they clearly testified that both the front and the rear needed his art, that it really strengthens the country's defense capability. It was during the war years that Messing probably felt the greatest demand and social significance of his talent. He rightly believed that his work contributes to the victory over fascism.

True, from time to time Messing had to make a very specific, tangible, material contribution to the defense of the country. With the funds transferred by Messing to the Defense Fund, two fighters were built. Strictly speaking, there is nothing so unusual in such an act. During the war, hundreds and even thousands of Soviet people who had large incomes, including artists, writers, scientists, donated significant sums of money to the needs of defense. Why did Messing, who sincerely wanted victory over Nazi Germany, have to do otherwise? After all, he was by no means a stingy person. Moreover, everyone who knew Wolf Grigorievich in the Soviet Union noted that he was indifferent to money. That is, it was not that he did not understand their meaning at all and lived like a real ascetic - no, it was indifference to the material goods of a person who already has more than enough money to satisfy all those needs that can be satisfied in Soviet conditions. He could always invite friends to an expensive restaurant, and stay in the best hotels on tour. He could tailor-make a sumptuous suit, he could afford to wear a three-carat diamond ring. A large apartment did not particularly attract him, since he spent almost all the time on the road.

Perhaps for the same reason he never got a car and never knew how to drive one. Although here, probably, it is primarily the inability to drive a car and the psychological barrier that some people have when trying to master driving. Probably, Messing was one of those people for whom it is psychologically impossible to drive a car. Let us recall how he told in his memoirs about how he drove a car in Riga, obeying the mental commands of a real driver, although he never sat down behind the steering wheel either before or after. Messing donated significant amounts to

charity. It is reliably known that after the end of the war, until his death, he maintained an orphanage for one hundred orphans at his own expense. Some, including Ignatius Shenfeld, argue that Messing was forced to keep the orphanage, under pressure from the authorities - supposedly it was a kind of payment for the fact that he was allowed to perform quite often and earn money from it. However, such assumptions cannot be trusted.

In fact, in terms of income, Messing caught up with the top of the Soviet scientific and artistic elite. He earned as much as the largest academic scientists, artists, writers, artists. However, none of them supported entire orphanages or, say, hospitals at their own expense. Neither the writer Alexei Tolstoy, nor the designer Andrei Tupolev, nor the popularly beloved pop satirist Arkady Raikin seemed to have been noticed in this. Of course, from time to time they were called upon to contribute significant funds to the Defense Fund, to the Peace Fund, to help victims of natural disasters, etc. However, for none of them, a condition for obtaining legally high incomes was the obligation to maintain an orphanage for life. Of course, I do not exclude that one of these and other very worthy people from time to time or even constantly donated to an orphanage or hospital, like the hero of the movie "Beware of the Car", but such actions were practically not covered in the press. From this we can conclude that the subsidization of the orphanage by Messing or any other artist could not be carried out at the request of the state, since the same state was not at all going to "PR" actions of this kind.

Messing, of course, could, if he wished, go on a grand spree in expensive restaurants almost every evening, as Alexei Tolstoy did, could have dozens of mistresses, could build luxurious dachas for himself and his relatives, could have a personal driver who would take him in a car. However, Wolf Grigoryevich did not show any inclination to revelry and mistresses. All his relatives perished in Nazi ghettos and concentration camps. Messing married quite late, when he was 45 years old, and for the last fourteen years he lived as a widower. He supported not only his wife, but also her sister, as well as his impresario Valentina Iosifovna Ivanovskaya, however, even after all the expenses, considerable sums remained on his hands. It is possible that, in addition to the orphanage, he allocated them for other charitable purposes, being sincerely grateful to his new homeland and attached to its inhabitants, who so warmly received his performances. It is quite characteristic that he never once expressed his intention to emigrate from the Soviet Union, although, being a Jew and a native of Poland, he had the opportunity to do so more than once or twice.

At the same time, Messing, unlike many other artists, was not particularly favored by the authorities. He received the title of Honored Artist of the RSFSR only three years before his death, he did not have orders and medals, he was not invited to the presidiums of solemn meetings. However, this did not upset him at all. Wolf Grigorievich was indifferent both to material wealth and to external manifestations of glory. The main thing for him was his art, his talent. Messing, no doubt, believed in his exceptional abilities, and only with these abilities did he, in essence, truly live. He also believed that with his talent he was able to bring happiness to people, make them believe in themselves and in the omnipotence of science, which sooner or later would make life better, more comfortable, safer. The only one who did

not believe in Messing's disinterestedness was Ignatius Shenfeld. He was obviously very jealous of the fame of his friend. Being a dissident, offended by the Soviet authorities, Ignatius Shenfeld could not forgive Messing for the fact that he quite successfully integrated into the Soviet system, while not allowing any serious moral compromises. Therefore, he tried to come up with a negative version of the biography of the great telepath, to make him a kind of Hanussen (or, if you like, Oscar

Lautenzack) small scale. In his image, Messing appears as an ordinary swindler, coward, adventurer, liar. He loves fame very much, dreams of a luxurious life. His disinterestedness appears as a forced line of behavior in specific Soviet conditions, after he became convinced that in the USSR there was a constant expropriation of even legally earned money and other values. Schoenfeld also directly alludes to the fact that Messing was recruited by the Soviet state security agencies and became a banal informer. This is how Messing's military biography developed,

according to Schoenfeld. The telepath met the beginning of the war in Tbilisi, from where he immediately returned to Moscow. When the State Concert was evacuated, he was offered a choice of Tashkent and Novosibirsk, and he chose Tashkent, which he soon regretted. The city was overcrowded with evacuees, had to live from hand to mouth. True, Messing had commercial shops and restaurants at his service, and even on the black market, with his income, something could be bought. In prison, he seemed to recall with longing: "A room in a decent hotel was booked for me, my administrator, Lazar Semenovitch, got everything on the black market, overpaying ten times, but I had more than enough money. Lunches were prepared for us by his wife, because even in good restaurants they fed only turtle meat and crabs. Deadly tired, I lay in bed in the evenings and dreamed of the time when the war would

end and I would return in my native shtetel, to Mount Kalvaria. Lord, how they will meet me, a rich man! As it was sung in a fashionable song: "Ten noise, ten hubbub I imagine for myself"! I saw myself in a tuxedo, with a cape lined with white silk, with a hat on my head - just like Harry Peel in the movies. I dreamed about how I drive in a long white Chevrolet to our market, where the entire population of the town had already gathered. The band of the volunteer fire brigade is playing bravura marches, the police are holding back the crowd, which is rushing towards me, just like the Hasidim to the tzadik. The burgomaster with a golden chain on his chest is holding a speech. The city fathers, he says, are proud of their glorious son Wolf Messing! Everyone shouts "Hurrah" and sings "Hurrah! And I, all in tears of happiness, announce that at my own expense I am establishing a secondary school, a hospital and

shelter for the elderly. A cry of delight again shakes the air, and I mutter under my breath: "Here you Velvele Messing, who never went to school and for whom there was no bride here in this stele! Here's a kabtsan for you, Kortenwerfer Wolf Messing!"... Foolish, childish dreams of a beggar who has gone from rags to riches...

Also, please don't laugh! I had a stupid dream. I don't know if you remember Chersk, a backwater south of the shtetele, and an old, dilapidated castle there? They say it is six hundred years old and once belonged to some Italian queen Bona. As a boy, I looked from the ruins of his tower or from the ramparts to the valley of the Vistula and the surrounding gardens. When the gardens were in bloom, it was an unforgettable sight! I gave free rein to my imagination and imagined myself as the owner of the castle. So now what will prevent me from buying these ruins and restoring them to their former splendor? So I dreamed, forgetting the wisdom of our fathers: "Don't boast about tomorrow, because you don't

know what that day will give birth to." Messing continued to tour a lot. In July 1942, when he returned to Tashkent, he was transparently hinted that he, as an honest Soviet patriot, should help the front. He generously offered to give 30 thousand rubles, then raised the amount to 40 thousand. Party officials laughed in the magician's face: "It turns out that you are a joker, Wolf Grigoryevich. Ridiculous, forty thousand with your fabulous profits! The other day, the chairman of the Korean rice collective farm, Comrade Kim Tsing-hyun, donated a million rubles from his personal labor savings. Yesterday in Pravda Vostoka it was described how he brought us a huge chest of money. Three cashiers of the State Bank counted them all day. This is an example of patriotism!" Messing

assured Shenfeld that a million rubles was all his savings by that time. If he gave them away, he would again become a beggar, he had to forget about castles in Poland. However, here, too, it is permissible to doubt Schoenfeld's testimony - after all, he was a professional writer who began to publish as a poet and translator as early as 1935. Wolf Grigoryevich, after all, was a forty-year-old man, wise by life experience, and had lived in the Soviet Union for three years, so he had to understand that no one would allow him to build castles here. And hope that Poland

after the war will escape the heavy Soviet embrace, Messing had no reason. In the event that Hitler is defeated, Stalin will still take over Eastern Europe, including Poland. Well, if, God forbid, Hitler wins, then Messing in the same Poland is a direct road to the crematorium. And the million, as subsequent events showed, was far from his last: in 1944, another fighter was built with his money. And after the war, Maestro

Messing's earnings were more than decent, if, according to Tatyana Lungina, after his death he had more than a million rubles left in his savings books alone - a huge amount at that time. Of course, no one would have allowed him to build a castle, but he was quite capable of owning a luxurious cooperative apartment and a good, by Soviet standards, dacha near Moscow. However, in comparison with how he could live with his income, Messing led a rather modest existence - he didn't have a dacha and a car, he limited himself to a two-room apartment, and he bought it only in 1972. All this gave rise to rumors that Messing had a unique collection of diamonds. However, no one has ever seen these diamonds, with the exception of one ring and one tie pin, and whether such a collection actually existed is a big question. No trace of her has ever been found. How much money and valuables Messing had, and whether he bequeathed them to someone, or whether the Soviet state got everything to the penny, we cannot say today. One can only assume that, unlike post-communist Russia, Messing did not keep his savings in foreign currency. The acquisition and sale of currency in the USSR was a serious criminal offense, and Volf Grigorievich always respected the laws. According to Messing, then, in July 1942, he became generous with only 50 thousand rubles and soon regretted it deeply. A

few days later, in Tashkent's Gorky Park, two men in civilian clothes approached him, said that he was urgently summoned to the Committee of Arts (the next tour trip to Novosibirsk was being prepared), but for some reason they took him straight to the local NKVD. There he was immediately subjected to severe interrogation, forcing him to be truly frightened.

Note that in constructing this scene, Schoenfeld could build on the message of Messing himself in his memoirs that

he was arrested twice in Moscow as a suspicious foreigner. But in the memoirs, Messing was released in a matter of hours. At Schoenfeld, the second arrest of Messing dragged on for several weeks. According to the author, the telepath was accused of being a secret rabbi and came to the USSR "to look for his relative, the well-known enemy of the people Stanislav Messing, not knowing that he had already been eliminated." But with a prominent Chekist Stanislav Adamovich Messing, Wolf never knew. By the way, in the questionnaires, Stanislav Messing wrote that he was born in Warsaw, but it is possible that, like other Messings, he was born in Góra-Kalvaria, and soon his parents moved to nearby Warsaw. Nevertheless, we do not have any data on the relationship of the two named Messings. Probably, even if there was a distant relationship between them, neither Stanislav nor Wolf did not suspect the existence of each other. Moreover, we know that almost a third of the population of Góra-Kalvaria were Messingi, we know only from the words of Schoenfeld, and he, as we have already seen, is a very unreliable source. It is also doubtful that the investigators in Tashkent did not know that Stanislav Messing, the former head of the Leningrad OGPU and intelligence, who at the time of his arrest was the chairman of the Soviet-Mongolian-Tuvan Chamber of Commerce, was shot on charges of spying for Poland as early as September 2, 1937 of the year.

The arrested person was allegedly interrogated according to the classical method of contrast between the "evil" and "good" investigators. Captain Ivanov played the role of "evil", and Major Saakov played the role of "good". When Ivanov threatened to shoot Messing and put a Mauser on the table, Wolf fainted from fright. Then Major Saakov entered the case, who gently explained to the clairvoyant that he was only required to voluntarily donate a million rubles to the needs of the Red Army, and warned that the NKVD had information about the amount of his savings. There was nothing to do, and Wolf signed all the necessary papers, overnight turning almost into a beggar. As a reward for obedience, Messing was brought sandwiches and tea, treated to a cigarette.

Wolf Grigorievich seemed to be saying to Schoenfeld: "Midnight had long passed when they brought me to the hotel. I slept for almost a day. Lazar Semyonovich walked around me on tiptoe, doing nothing.

asked questions and treated me like I was seriously ill. A day later we went to Novosibirsk. We got there for a long time - endlessly we had to let military echelons through. I lay on the shelf all the way and thought about what happened in Captain Ivanov's office. Fate played a bad joke on me again: I became a toy in the hands of their gang and who knows what else they will come up with. And what they will come up with, of that I have no doubt. They discovered my weak point, they realized that I am not a heroic person at all, and they will want to push me around as they please. It is unlikely that they will be limited to the robbery of my hard-earned money. They will want me to become the last prostitute in their hands, they will want to use me as they please!

In Novosibirsk, a telegram from Stalin awaited me, about which you probably know. A TASS correspondent and a local newspaperman were already sitting in the lobby. I had to give interviews and speak on the radio. And two days later they took me to a military airfield, put me next to a fighter, told me to smile and shake hands with some pilot. In this form, we were photographed near the plane, on which, near the slogan "For the victory over fascism!" it was written that the Soviet patriot V. G. Messing presented this plane to the Baltic pilot - this is in Novosibirsk! - Hero of the Soviet Union K. Kovalev. At least for the sake of appearance they painted that warped plane that I supposedly bought for them! No, Soviet patriotism has never cost so much to anyone! I thought. And my administrator, the dearest Lazar Semenovich,

walked with happiness, like a drunk, and kept hugging and kissing me. "Wolf Grigorievich," he choked with delight. —

You can't even imagine who you are now and what unlimited possibilities you have in your hands! A man with a telegram from Stalin himself in his pocket can detain any policeman on the street ... Why is there a policeman! He can detain any general and whip him in the face to his heart's content! Lord, I wish I had such strength! Yes, I would put them all on their knees!

And I was not at all happy and had absolutely no desire to put someone on their knees and whip the generals in the faces. Some of the organs are another matter. However, I would hardly have decided on such a thing even with Stalin's telegram in my pocket. I saw a Mauser in front of me

captain Ivanov, heard the polite, insinuating voice of Major Saakov and felt the telegram as a continuation of their insidious game.

And life went on as usual. I worked hard, but success did not please me. Something broke in me. In September we returned to Tashkent. I was terribly afraid of this city, it always seemed to me that it was here that someone was watching me all the time and Captain Ivanov was waiting for me somewhere in the dark. Twice a month, I signed the payroll, transferred ever larger sums to books, and my savings began to grow again. Celebrities from the world

of literature and art evacuated to Tashkent sought to meet me, invited me to visit, wanted to see what I really represent. But I, if only it was possible, avoided meetings. I was not accustomed to such a society, and what was I to talk about with them? And in general - how can one live in a country where a person cannot be sure of anything? Some Stanislav or Solomon Messing held high positions with them and was probably a real communist. How could he imagine that one day they would tell him that he was an "enemy of the people" and shoot him like a dog? But he was their own man, he worked in the same gang with them. But that didn't save him. What can save me, a Polish Jew, a stranger and not versed in their rubbish? The feeling of resentment and the sense of imminent danger did not leave me. And suddenly - a glimmer of hope! In the corridor of the hotel "Uzbekistan" I sometimes met a relatively young man, decently dressed in a Western manner.

Judging by the fact that he had a permanent, booked room during this difficult time, it was clear that this was some kind of bump. Mere mortals were not allowed to come close. Over time, we began to say hello on the go, and one day, when I went down to the garden in the courtyard of the hotel to drink tea in the buffet, he and I ended up at the same table. We exchanged a few phrases, and it was a pleasant surprise to hear pure Jewish speech. Here you also speak Yiddish, but it is felt that this is not your main language. And he spoke good *mamelushen* ("mother's speech." - B.S.), as in my *shtetel*. It was Abram Kalinsky, and he was also from a *shtetele*, maybe a little bigger than me, from Lomza. I have been there many times and we have found mutual friends.

I've said before that I'm reluctant to mix with people. But in his company I immediately felt good. I thought: what a kind and sensitive person!

We started walking into each other's rooms. His father had a soap factory in Lomza, Kalinsky said. But he did not follow in the footsteps of his parent, but became an active communist and organized strikes; even in my father's factory! The Poles eventually took him away and sentenced him to a long term. He was saved, as he said, by kinship with Lev Zakharovich ... Who is Lev Zakharovich? Why, this is Mekhlis, the head of the Political Directorate of the Red Army! Kalinsky's mother informed Lev Zakharovich, and he made sure that his relative was included in the number of political prisoners who were just being exchanged between the Soviet Union and

Poland. Kalinsky, he said, had been in the Soviet Union for five years already. In annexed Kaunas, he was the director of the TEZHE perfume factory and became very friends with Polina Semyonovna, who arranged for him to be transferred to Tashkent. How? Polina Semyonovna who? So this is a gem! Molotov's wife, a good woman with a good Jewish heart, a real Yiddish mother! The cosmetic industry was subordinated to her ...

Needless to say, Kalinsky had more than enough connections with important people. Here, in Tashkent, he also knew party and government bigwigs. He visited Tamara Khanum, People's Artist of the USSR, was friends with a famous singer, a former synagogue cantor, had an affair with a famous screenwriter. Since he had a nondescript figure and a rather ordinary face, I thought: what kind of mind and what kind of heart should this modest-looking person have if he is so successful? Sometimes Kalinsky absently took out some

expensive thing from his pocket - a ring with a precious stone, an old brooch, a gold cigarette case. I somehow could not resist and asked how he managed to take all this out? He replied that most of these things did not

belong to him. There is such grief around, the war drove people from their homes, the unfortunate evacuees, released from exile, come to him and ask him to help sell things in order to buy themselves a piece of bread. And he has some acquaintances and sometimes manages to find a buyer. Ruble from

is depreciating more and more every day, and many knowledgeable people believe that in this turbulent time it is better to keep capital in gold and jewelry.

Of course, I questioned his charity, but I knew that the ruble was depreciating more and more. My Lazar Semyonovich buzzed my ears about it. And I asked Kalinsky to do me a favor: get some gold and diamonds. And - oh, I'm a fool, a fool! - a certain number of dollars. Kalinsky time has always had plenty. He said

that he spends his evenings in the good houses of the city, where he allegedly follows the ladies who are bored without their husbands-front-line soldiers. He also played cards and said that he was lucky, that he always won. But in general - as he once told me, first looking around - he is at the disposal of the government for some especially important assignments. After my return from a tour of Siberia, accompanied by the story

of the plane donated to the army, Kalinsky congratulated me on the honor that fell to my lot. But seeing my rather sour face, he quickly added: "A zokhen wei!" ("Just think!" - B.S.) And then even more quietly, meaningfully, the phrase we have adopted: "The hand of the giver will not be impoverished!" And I thought - he knows what's in my soul! When I returned a few weeks later from a tour of the cities of Central Asia, I found Kalinsky very

animated. He boasted that he had received a flattering and very interesting task: to help strengthen Soviet-Iranian trade. He is in constant contact with the mixed commission, which settled in Turkmenistan, in the city of Mary. With enthusiasm, he said that he had already twice gone to the transit point in Dushak on the Iranian border itself and that he had made friends there on the other side, with whom he was carousing in the Iranian village of Kalezou. There are not even echoes of the war. There is everything your heart desires. And prices, prices! Everything is incredibly cheap!

Kalinsky brought me a box of Iranian Khorasan cigarettes as a gift, drawing my attention to the elegant packaging and high quality of tobacco.

Kalinsky's inspiration did not make a special impression on me, but one thought stuck firmly: if it's so easy to go

border, why not stay there? But of course I didn't say anything.

And I again traveled a lot and performed. I was completely exhausted and decided to take a two-week vacation. Here again Kalinsky appeared on the horizon. He brought me excellent black caviar from Iran as a gift and told me how he had fun on the other side. I said I envy him. "But you

have free time now," he remarked. "I promise, if you wish, of course, to arrange a trip for you to the other side. It's hard for me now to tell how idiotically

I fell for this primitive bait. Kalinsky advised me to tell the office that I wanted to rest and get medical treatment at a sanatorium in Bairam-Ali, near Mary. There were no objections. The administrator issued a ticket and got a train ticket. And I acted like I was hypnotized.

Two days after my arrival at the sanatorium, Kalinsky appeared to me. Today, he said, he had a car with a driver at his disposal and we could go to dinner. We sat in a cozy teahouse, ate good plov and drank fragrant wine. With us were two employees of Kalinsky, one Turkmen, the other Russian, very nice, friendly people. We had a drink with Kal and someone on the brotherhood, and on the way back he said that Dushak was in the border area, where you can't go without a pass. But this is nothing: he will get me a pass.

A day later, it turned out that there had been some delay with the pass, and Kalinsky had already scheduled a meeting with the Iranians. But it does not matter, he asked this Turkmen friend of his, and he will arrange everything for him. Kalinsky looked me straight in the eyes and advised me to take with me the money and all the jewelry that I have. I realized that he suspected my intention to leave this monstrous country, where a person is not the owner of his hard-earned capital. True, the thought flashed through my mind - but isn't this idea too risky? But I have too much in me. Resentment burned directly. The Turkmen picked me

up in an inconspicuous lorry. In the village of Tejen, Kalinsky was waiting for us, who was in a hurry to get to his meeting. He said that we had to wait until evening and then they would take me to a designated place. Until dark, I sat in the teahouse, then a truck drove up and the Turkmen ordered me to get into the back and cover myself with a tarpaulin. Just like that - from prying eyes. We shook for a long time

bumpy road, stopped at some wasteland and went along the bed of a dried-up canal. In the darkness there was a howl, or a heart-rending cry of a child. This is Malhemuves, an evil spirit, hunting for my little head, I thought, and stopped in indecision, is it worth going further? "Let's go, let's go," said my companion.

- These are jackals. It seems that Abram was talking about some kind of forest lodge, I thought. What kind of forest gatehouse can there be here, when not only the forest, but even the bush is not visible around? But here we came across some kind of shack. In it, by the light of the "bat", I saw an old man in a turban. He greeted me, pulled me a bench and something mumbled.

"He asks what you need," my companion translated. I said that I wanted to go to the Iranian village of Kalezou, where I have an appointment with friends. The old man muttered again.

"It will cost forty thousand rubles," my Turkmen translated. I nodded, took out the money and we shook hands. I opened shaky door - and collided with Captain Ivanov ...

In the cargo hold of a small transport plane, I lay on the floor, handcuffed to a bench leg, and vomited endlessly. All the way to Tashkent, I was mercilessly tossed up, as if the pilot were deliberately looking for air pockets. But the pain from the bruises was nothing compared to the pain from the insult that I was fooled like the last idiot! I, a fool, was led around the finger, and I only flapped my ears. There was no need to be a telepath, simple human ingenuity should have suggested that this was a provocation sewn with white thread. A mocking smirk did not leave Captain Ivanov's shiny muzzle: "Gotcha, clairvoyant?" You can't fool us Russians on chaff! I can't

complain: the captain doesn't beat me and doesn't starve me in the punishment cell. There is no need to seek a confession from me - the corpus delicti is obvious. They even let me listen to a conversation recorded on some American typewriter in this wrecked border. Sometimes only the investigator pesters with questions, am I not a relative of this unfortunate Stanislav Messing? Sometimes Ivanov presses me to confess that I am a spy. During my sessions, they say, I was very often interested in the documents that were in the pockets of military personnel.

No, I do not have the slightest hope that I will get out of this trouble alive. No wonder I was so afraid of Tashkent: here I am destined to die. This time, my premonition does not deceive me. The Lord put Abrash Kalinsky in my way and eclipsed my mind so that I could not unravel it. And there is no one in the world who would read Kaddish for my sinful soul ... "After that, Shenfeld was sent

to a punishment cell for ten days, and upon his return, Messing was no longer found in cell No. 13. Togo was released, and Schoenfeld was sure that the price of his release was his consent to become a sexot. The proof was that in Moscow Messing was friends with the "Red Count" General Alexei Ignatiev, who allegedly was a secret high rank of the MGB, and his apartment was a safe house for especially valuable agents. He did not rule out another version: Stalin could have found out about the case, indignant that the NKVD risked arresting the person to whom he sent a greeting telegram.

In Schoenfeld's "documentary story", everything is too reminiscent of a bad detective story. Here are the investigators with such surnames, by which it is almost impossible to establish them. After all, Ivanov is one of the most common Russian surnames, and Sahakov (Sahakyan) is Armenian. Shenfeld also claimed that "in the summer of 1942, Pravda Vostoka published an article about the selfless and patriotic deed of Professor Messing, who donated a combat aircraft to the Red Army with his personal savings. And a day later, a telegram was published in the same newspaper: "To Comrade Wolf Messing. Please accept my greetings and gratitude to the Red

Army, Comrade Wolf Messing, for your concern for the Red Army air forces. Your wish will be

fulfilled.

I. Stalin." The

text of Stalin's telegram to Messing Schoenfeld quotes exactly, but this text is taken from the book of Tatyana Lungina, where the original telegram was published. The form indicates that the telegram was sent to Vladivostok, most likely to the House of the Navy, where Messing then spoke. It can be assumed that the speeches of the telepath were announced in the newspapers, from which Stalin's secretariat could find out exactly where

moment is missing. However, there is no evidence that this telegram was ever published in the press, otherwise Messing would certainly have kept the corresponding newspaper clipping. Therefore, Schoenfeld could not possibly read it in Pravda Vostoka. The article by the pilot Konstantin Kovalev, who fought on the Messing plane, did not appear in Pravda Vostoka in the summer of 1942, but in the newspaper of the naval aviation of the Baltic Fleet "Pilot of the Baltic" dated May 22, 1944

of the year.

It is worth noting that there is another photograph of an aircraft built with Messing's funds. It depicts two pilots in Polish military uniforms, and the inscription is placed on the fighter: "From the Polish patriot prof. Wolf-Messing to the Polish pilot. Historian Leonid Alexandrovich Lyubimsky, a retired colonel, who published this picture, claimed that he saw it in a book devoted to the history of Polish air connections in the USSR, and that "the caption briefly stated that the plane was donated to the Warsaw fighter regiment in May 1944 of the year." Unfortunately, the title of the book, which depicts Polish pilots against the backdrop of the Soviet Yak-1B fighter with an inscription that this is a gift from Messing, Lyubimsky did not disclose. I will only add that the Yak-1B aircraft have been mass-produced since September 1942; in total, 4188 vehicles were built before the end of the war. It is also unclear whether this book was published in Polish or Russian. However, it can be assumed that it came out at a time when the Communists were in power both in Poland and in the USSR. Then, in every possible way, two armies of the Polish Army, formed in the USSR in 1944-1945 and fighting under Soviet command against the Germans, rose to the shield in every possible way. But they preferred not to remember the army of the Polish general Wladislav Anders, who was subordinate to the Polish government in London and left the USSR for Iran in 1942. Therefore, it could be assumed that the picture depicted not the officers of the pro-Soviet Polish air regiment "Warsaw" in 1944, as the authors of the book wrote, but the officers of Anders' army in 1942. After all, Messing himself once served in the Polish Army and, most likely, remained a Polish patriot, despite the anti-Semitism that flourished in pre-war Poland.

In his memoirs, he directly wrote that he gave money for the plane twice, in 1942 and 1944. It could be assumed that this picture captures just the first aircraft built at the expense of Messing. However, there was no aviation in Anders' army, since the agreement on its formation, signed in Moscow on August 14, 1941, did not provide for the creation of aviation and tank units. The first Polish aviation units in the USSR began to form only after a decision was made on August 10, 1943 on the formation of a Polish corps in the USSR, which included the air regiment. So, although Messing began to raise funds for his first aircraft back in 1942, it could not be transferred to the Poles until the second half of 1943. But Messing might not have known this and mistakenly wrote in his memoirs that he handed over the first aircraft in 1942, meaning that it was handed over to one of the Anders army commanders. Leonid Lyubimsky happened to meet Wolf Messing in Lvov in the summer of 1973. And this is what he remembers: "I was delighted: finally there is an opportunity to get acquainted with his psychological experiments, and maybe even be able to meet, talk, ask about that photo.

The director of the Philharmonic, having clarified the purpose of my visit, advised: - Go to Wolf Grigorievich after graduation backstage performances. Photography, I'm sure, will be of interest to him.

Further, Lyubimsky described the number with his indirect participation: "Shortly after the start of the performance, Messing went down into the aisle between the rows, stopped at the chair where I was sitting, and, nodding to me (obviously, somehow figured out from three hundred or four hundred spectators the person who was talking about him with the director of the Philharmonic), asked to give something. I submitted a pen. He felt it with his thin fingers, exclaimed: "Oh, a gift!" - and, inviting the audience to hide it wherever they like, handed it over to someone. After several consecutive numbers, he walked, peering intently around the hall, brought a portly lady onto the stage, asked to open her purse and return the pen to me.

It was not possible to talk with the maestro after the performance: the artistic room and the approaches to it were filled to the limit with people eager for personal communication with the magician. Nevertheless, he squeezed closer, and, noticing me, he let me know that the next day he was waiting for me in

“George” (before the liberation of Lviv in July 1944, the best hotel in the city “Intourist” was called). Arrived at the appointed time. Messing and his friendly assistant Valentina Iosifovna Ivanovskaya were in a spacious room. He introduced himself and immediately showed a photo. Looking at the picture, Volf Grigorievich quickly walked around the room (later he noted that at the slightest excitement, the internal energy that bubbled up instantly lifted him from his chair) and said quickly: “I started transferring funds to the defense fund in 1942. I had money during the war: at concerts in Siberia, the Urals, the Far East, and wherever I performed, the halls were overcrowded. I asked them to use them to build airplanes. Stalin personally sent me telegrams of thanks.” He thought for a second or two, then bombarded me with questions: “Why are you interested in this topic? How did you get the book? Who are these pilots, what is in the picture? How

was their fate? Are they alive? What happened to my plane? At that time I was only able to give a definitive answer to the first two questions. As soon as I began to tell how Messing was ahead of me: “It is clear that you are collecting material for a dissertation. But you don’t know about the fate of aircraft and pilots.” He uttered these words firmly, as if putting an end to it. And again, with genuine interest, he peered into my eyes: “Can you find out: did my plane take part in the battles? Are these boys alive? Who are they, where are they from? How did you end up in the Polish regiment?”

Then, unexpectedly for me, as if by the way, he said: “And don’t worry, you will soon defend your dissertation.” I promised to find answers to these questions. And he suddenly asked: “Did you read my notes?” I recalled how in one of the military units where I was on a business trip, the librarian offered issues of the journal Science and Religion, in her words, “with a surprisingly interesting thing”, and I “swallowed” Wolf Messing’s memories and thoughts under the title “About myself.” This my mental departure into the past only for a moment caused a hitch with the answer, but it seems that Messing did not even notice the pause. He nodded in satisfaction and began to talk about his life. This conversation, if you can call it that, because my participation was minimal, was firmly “imprinted” in my memory. Besides, at home I

wrote it down.”

After a well-known story about how he predicted death for Hitler if he moved east, was arrested by the Gestapo, fled and crossed the Western Bug into the USSR, Messing described his meeting with Abrasimov to his guest as follows: "I was taken to Brest to the border authorities, then - in the city committee of the party. There I was talking to a pleasant young man - the head of the department of culture Abrasimov. As soon as I saw him, I said: "Oh, you will become a big man!" "(Messing's prediction came true: Pyotr Andreevich Abrasimov became a famous diplomat, doctor of historical sciences, author of several books. It is worth adding that in this version of Messing's story there is no specific predictions to Abrasimov that he would be an ambassador. - B.S.)

After a conversation in the city committee, Messing was released from checks and included in a team of artists who worked in the western regions of Belarus. His performances invariably aroused genuine interest among the audience, the rumor about an unusual artist was growing. "Soon they brought me to the first secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Belarus Ponomarenko," said Messing. The conversation with him was long. In my presence, he called Stalin. Interesting, he said, the person in my office and something else about my abilities. It became clear to me:

ahead is a meeting with Stalin. Messing described one of the conversations with

Stalin to Lyubimsky as follows: "Conversing with me, Stalin thought: "It would be nice to use this Messing during interrogations of spies: they won't be able to hide anything." I immediately cried out: "Comrade Stalin! For God's sake, don't! I will bring more benefits as an artist." Stalin smiled and called me a sly one. In the end, I was allowed to continue

to perform on the stage. Well, if such a conversation really took place, Messing would certainly try with all his might to fight off the dubious honor of participating in interrogations of real or imaginary spies. After all, he could always be suspected that he does not convey to the investigators everything that the suspects think about, or deliberately distorts their thoughts. And then he himself could be accused of espionage and shot. That is why Stalin would never risk using people like Messing in intelligence and counterintelligence matters, especially

political. After all, there has always been a danger that the magician and telepath will start his game and, under the guise of reading other people's thoughts, will begin to influence Stalin and other high-ranking officials in the

direction they need. Leonid Lyubimsky recalled: "When the Great Patriotic War began, the artist faced questions: how to help his new Fatherland? Do people need his speeches with "psychological experiments" in this difficult time? It turned out they were needed. He was evacuated to Novosibirsk, and soon he began to perform in military units, officers' houses, clubs, hospitals, workshops of defense factories, inspiring the audience with confidence in the defeat of fascism, in victory, by the power of his talent. Like many Soviet people, he sent the money he earned to the defense fund. Since 1944, the first aircraft built with his money, the Yak-7 fighter, took part in the battles (most likely, this refers to the Yak-7B front-line fighter with an upgraded M-105PF engine. Serial production of aircraft of this modification began in May 1942 and completed in July 1944. A total of 5120 aircraft of this modification were produced. However, at the Novosibirsk plant No. 153, this aircraft was produced only from August 1942 to December 1943. Therefore, Kovalev could not receive this aircraft in Novosibirsk in March 1944. Therefore it is more likely that he then received the Yak-9T aircraft, which was produced at the Novosibirsk plant No. 153 from March 1943 to June 1945. A total of 2748 machines of this modification were produced. It is also possible that Kovalev received a fighter with an increased range of the Yak-9D; 3058 machines of this modification were produced in the period from March 1943 to June 1946. - B. S.). He was solemnly, in the presence of Messing, handed over at the airfield of the aviation plant in Novosibirsk to the pilot of the 13th Fighter Aviation Regiment of the Air Force of the Baltic Fleet, Hero of the Soviet Union Captain Konstantin Kovalev. The plane, on which he had previously fought, was by that time so slashed by fascist bursts that they decided to keep it in the museum as evidence of the courage and skill of the pilot and the reliability of technology. On the handed over new fighter, Kovalev increased the number of downed enemy vehicles.

... Messing was visibly agitated and no longer walked, but almost ran around the room. I wedged into his speech: "And how was the idea born to give the plane to the Polish air regiment?" - "Wanda Wasilewska (Polish and Soviet writer, chairman of the Union of Polish Patriots in the USSR created in 1943. - B.S.), when she found out that one of my planes was already at the front, she said: 'It would be nice if you and the Polish Aviation Regiment "Warsaw" was also presented with a plane. I did just that.'" "You

mentioned Stalin's telegram," I reminded him to keep the conversation going. - "Not just one: I have several of his telegrams. I will send you photocopies." Volf Grigoryevich fulfilled this promise (however, both articles by Lyubimsky contain a photocopy of only one telegram from Stalin to Messing addressed to Vladivostok. pilot Kovalev As for the Polish aircraft, the telegram of thanks to Messing for this aircraft should, logically, be signed by one of the leaders of the Union of Polish Patriots or the pro-Soviet Lublin government that arose later, perhaps the same Wanda Wasilewska, but certainly not Stalin: If the date in the book cited by Lyubimsky is correct and the pilots actually took off from the plane in May 1944, then Messing in Lyubimsky's story is absolutely accurate: his first plane was handed over to the Hero of the Soviet Union Konstantin Fedotovitch Kovalev in March 1944, since he went after him Kovalev to Novosibirsk in early spring; then the second plane could indeed be handed over to the Polish pilots in May. - B.S.). "Did the pilots of the 'Warsaw' regiment take part in the battles?" - in turn asked the artist. I briefly spoke about the combat path of this air regiment. When it came to his participation in the battles in Poland at the Magnushevsky bridgehead, Messing got excited again: "So this is near my

hometown of Gura-Kalvaria! Maybe my plane participated in these battles!" - and looking at me, he added: "It is a pity that you do not know this." My question about whether I had to visit my homeland after the end of the war, turned the direction of the conversation to the problem

the time of that time. "I have a great desire to visit Góra Kalwaria, Warsaw, Krakow. But so far it hasn't worked. And do you know why? Because of money. No, even now I have enough money, but when I leave, they allow me to exchange only five hundred rubles for zlotys! Can you imagine, - he was indignant, - Wolf Messing, after so many years, appears in his homeland with pennies in his pocket? No, I will go to Poland only when I have as many zlotys as I need. People should see: Messing has arrived!"

The conversation lasted more than two hours, the time has come, as they say, and the honor to know. We exchanged addresses, agreed to meet in Moscow, Volf Grigoryevich confidentially told the "code" he had invented, only by applying which his voice could be heard in the receiver. In the letters I received, he repeatedly mentioned plans to visit Poland and find out about the fate of the pilot who fought on the plane he donated. Interestingly, Lyubimsky's

testimony is perhaps the only one that contains Messing's confession that he would like to visit his homeland. And here is the reason why he cannot do this - too small an amount that is charged for Soviet tourists when leaving the country. Although 500 rubles at the then official artificial exchange rate meant more than 600 dollars (which, of course, had nothing to do with the real value of the dollar on the black market, where one dollar was worth five to seven rubles). It was impossible to surprise fellow countrymen with anything special for 600 dollars. And until the time when the currency from the USSR, and then from Russia, it became possible to export in much larger quantities, Wolf Grigoryevich did not live. He himself had no foreign exchange income. Foreign tours for him due to ignorance of languages were possible only in a very narrow geographical region - in Poland and the GDR. But there were their own telepaths, with whom it would be difficult for Messing to compete. I don't think that with the story about the lack of currency, he wanted to disguise the fact that he was, as they said in Soviet times, "not allowed to leave", that is, the party authorities and the KGB did not let him go abroad. After all, he did not possess any state secrets, he was not involved in politics, and as a Jew he had every opportunity to legally leave for Israel. Or rather, get to Vienna, and there already decide which country

go. Moreover, he would not even have to pay for higher education received in the USSR, since he did not receive it. However, Messing, it seems, contrary to what he writes about the first half of his life in his memoirs, did not seek to travel to other countries. He had more than enough touring the Union. After all, he used to surprise people, used to live in an atmosphere of admiration for his talent. The role of an ordinary tourist obediently visiting local sights, and even then without fail as part of a tourist group, under vigilant supervision, was clearly not for him.

Lyubimsky eventually found out the fate of the pilots who flew on Messing's plane, but this happened after the death of Wolf Grigorievich. Lyubimsky recalled: "February 1, 1974 - this was the last year of his life - in a letter from Gorky, where he went "to treat his legs after all the tried Moscow methods", after congratulating him on the anniversary of the Soviet Armed Forces, he wrote about the desire visit "native places and, possibly, see your fighter, if it is stored somewhere in a museum, or meet one of the pilots who flew this fighter or knew the heroes of that time." In a letter sent on August 21, he repeats: "For a long time I have been planning to go for a short time, for 10 days or for two weeks, to my homeland, to Poland. Well, if I am there, I would like to have the coordinates of the pilot who flew the fighter aircraft I built and handed over to the Polish Air Force, shake his valiant hand and have friendly contact with this valiant person. Probably, Messing had a presentiment that he did not have long to live, and still wanted to visit his native places before his death, but did not have time.

By this time, I managed to collect information about the pilots who made combat sorties on the planes donated by Messing. However, the artist was well aware of the fate of K. F. Kovalev. In early June 1944, he received a telegram from the Commander of the Air Force of the Baltic Fleet, Lieutenant General M.I. Kovalev himself sent a letter to Wolf Grigoryevich, in which he announced that he had published a story in the newspaper Pilot of the Baltic about his trip to Novosibirsk for an airplane and a meeting with an artist. Correspondence between them continued in the post-war period.

But to search for materials about the fate of the pilots of the Warsaw Air Regiment, shown in the picture, it took more time. It was possible to establish that on the right in the photo is Jerzy Czonwicki, a cadet of a training detachment, from November 1943 a pilot of the Warsaw Air Regiment. He participated in the battles on the Vistula, in Pomerania, made several sorties on an airplane donated by Messing. On the left in the photo is Captain Oleg Matveev, a graduate of the engineering faculty of the N. Ye. Zhukovsky Air Force Academy. In 1943, he was appointed as a shooting instructor in a training squad that trained Polish pilots. Together with them, he learned to be a pilot and was appointed assistant commander of the Warsaw regiment for airborne rifle service. He made more than 40 sorties. He died in the battle for the liberation of the Polish city of Pila. The Polish historian Bolesław Dolyata left the following testimony about the last minutes of the pilot's life: "During the next combat sortie over Pila, an enemy shell hit Matveev's plane. The pilot barely leveled the falling plane, sent it to the German tanks and fell on them with great force "(Matveev died in February 1945, but the story of the ramming of a tank column is most likely legendary. It is possible that Boleslav Dolyata's research is also there is a book where two pilots are depicted next to the plane donated by Messing, but the fact that Matveev and Chonvitsky flew the same plane seems unlikely. - B.S.). Was the ram committed on the plane donated by Messing? Maybe. Matveev often made sorties on this particular fighter. But reliable data could not be obtained.

In the last letter I received, Wolf Grigoryevich said: "On September 10, 1974, I will be 75 years old. I want to be healthy, efficient, self-propelled by my anniversary." It so happened that it was not possible to come and personally congratulate the hero of the day and hand over the collected materials to him in those days. And when he arrived in Moscow in the second half of November, he learned with bitterness that after a fleeting pneumonia a few days ago, Wolf Messing left life."

Thus, we were convinced that both aircraft, built at the expense of Messing, were transferred, respectively, to Soviet and Polish pilots, only in March and May 1944. Therefore, in

In 1942, no aircraft built at the expense of Messing was handed over to Soviet pilots. Therefore, in 1942, newspapers in 1942, with all their desire, could not publish any thank-you telegram from Stalin to Messing. So the whole story about the publication of Stalin's telegram in the Pravda Vostoka newspaper, as well as the story of Messing's two arrests in Tashkent and his unsuccessful attempt to escape to Iran, were undoubtedly invented by Schoenfeld with

beginning to end.

Schoenfeld does not explain at all why Messing was going to move to Iran, despite the fact that he strongly emphasizes the cowardice of his hero. Anyone living in Tashkent in 1942 knew that the northern provinces of Iran were occupied by the Red Army. So Messing, crossing the Soviet-Iranian border, did not at all go beyond the sphere of Soviet influence. He needed to make his way to the south of Iran, to the British occupation zone, without money and documents. At the same time, he differed sharply from the locals in appearance and clothes, did not know the language and would have attracted the attention of the very first Soviet patrol. Schoenfeld apparently forgot that there were Soviet troops in Iran at the time. And therefore, for him, the role of Kalinsky is reduced to throwing Messing across the Iranian border, and there, they say, you can safely go towards freedom.

But if Messing really wanted to leave the USSR, he could do it more than once, and, moreover, quite legally. Just in the spring and summer of 1942, the Polish army of General Vladislav Anders was transferred from Soviet Central Asia to Iran. About 80,000 servicemen and more than 37,000 members of their families went to Iran in its ranks. If desired, all Poles and Jews who had Polish citizenship before September 1, 1939 could join this army. A number of future prominent figures in Israel, including the future Prime Minister Menachem Begin, went with Anders' army to Iran, and from there, like many other Jews, went to Palestine. But if Messing had not taken advantage of this opportunity, very soon another one would have presented to him.

In 1946–1947, Poles and all persons who held Polish citizenship before 1 September 1939 were allowed to repatriate to Poland. Yes, and later such repatriation, although not without difficulties, but if desired, could be carried out, as, for example, a former Soviet intelligence officer did

Leopold Trepper. Finally, in the 1960s and 1970s, Messing, if he wanted, could quite legally emigrate to Israel. However, he never once showed, even theoretically, an intention of this kind. And this, by the way, seems quite natural. After all, only in the USSR did Messing know real success and the love of the audience, became a real "star". In Poland, he never had such popularity, being only one of the many sorcerers, magicians and clairvoyants who labored on the stage. In the Soviet Union, he was the only one for a long time, and for many years after his death he remained the most famous actor of his genre, becoming a real legend.

Messing's stay in a Tashkent prison in 1942 and his subsequent cooperation with the NKVD as an informer and (or) consultant can only be proved by the presence of his personal file in the state security archives. From the archive of the FSB of Russia, to which the publishing house Molodaya Gvardiya sent a corresponding request, the answer came that the archive does not contain an investigative file or any other materials related to Wolf Messing.

Here is the text of this letter, dated February 25, 2010: "To the Chief Editor of the Young Guard Publishing House A. V. Petrov Dear Andrey

Vitalievich! Your request to familiarize the historian B. V. Sokolov with the materials of the archival investigative case against the famous hypnotist and psychologist Wolf Messing has been considered.

We inform you that the Central Archive of the FSB of Russia requested does not have documentary evidence.

Deputy Head of the Archive A. I. Shishkin. Of course, purely theoretically, it can be assumed that the Messing case, which, according to Schoenfeld, never reached the court, could be destroyed in subsequent years. This has happened, albeit infrequently. So, in 1963, the investigation file of Rokossovsky and some other military men who suffered in the 1930s and were subsequently rehabilitated was destroyed, but the decision on this was made at the level of the Politburo. It is unlikely that the top political leadership could attend to the destruction of the investigative case of Messing - after all, the artist has never been a political figure. I am inclined to believe that this case is not in the FSB archive for that simple

because it never existed in nature. Those two short-term detentions at the beginning of the Great Patriotic War, which Messing mentions in his memoirs, probably did not even leave protocols.

Even less likely is the version that the Messing case is still classified, since from the 1940s and almost until the end of his life he carried out the responsible tasks of the "authorities". This version, popular in conspiracy circles, is absolutely not confirmed by anything. Egmont Mesin-Polyakov, who knew the telepath closely, stated: "I can say one thing about his cooperation with the special services: Volf Grigorievich was against this with all the fibers of his soul and tried to avoid such contacts all his life. When he died, representatives of the relevant department visited his house and, most likely, seized some documents." It can be concluded that there

was no arrest of Messing for attempting an illegal transition to Iran. In general, Volf Grigorievich was pleased with his new homeland and was not going to return to Poland or seek happiness somewhere else. He rightly believed that he would not have such success anywhere else. Nevertheless, Shenfeld's version of Messing, who dreamed of escaping from the USSR, but fell for the provocation of the NKVD agent Abram Kalinsky, as a result of which Volf Grigoryevich allegedly ended up in a Tashkent prison and bought his freedom by agreeing to the unenviable role of a sex agent, has become widespread among a number of journalists. So, Vladimir Kucharyants in his article about Messing completely follows the documentary story of Schoenfeld in the presentation of the war years of the biography of the great telepath: "Then he was a little cunning: intuition did not always help him out. Proudly showing me newspaper clippings of the war years, reporting on the two planes donated by him to the front, he did not say a word that this gift was forced. Neither foresight nor presentiment told him that he should not refuse the insistent offer of the authorities to donate their considerable savings to the fighter. He refused and was arrested. I had to agree. After the first arrest, Messing began to invest fees in precious stones. There was a

war going on, and money was worth little. During a tour in Central Asia, he met a Polish emigrant

Abram Kalinsky and succumbed to his persuasion to flee to neutral Iran. And where did his seer gift go?! Messing was arrested again. He was saved by the very same telegram of gratitude from Stalin found in his pocket. Moreover, the habit of donating planes to the front. So his second fighter took off into the sky. And he stopped collecting diamonds, seeing in them a whole squadron.

How true is this story? I only found out about her now. I did not happen to see the secret dossier of Messing. But I saw his face. His pride in his aircraft was (became?) sincere...”

In fact, I am more than sure that Messing from the very beginning was quite sincerely proud of the fact that he had built two whole aircraft for the Soviet Air Force, especially since he still could not properly spend his millions in the USSR. And

the NKVD agent Kalinsky is the same fiction of Shenfeld, like Messing's stay in a Tashkent prison. Most likely, this image is a parody of one of Messing's predecessors in the field of telepathy - engineer Bernard Kazhinsky, who in Alexander Belyaev's novel "Lord of the World" appears as engineer Kachinsky. In the novel, Kachinsky is referred to as Russian, although of Polish origin. I don't know who Bernard Kazinsky considered himself by nationality. He could be both Russian and Pole or Polish Jew. But Schoenfeld could well have chosen the third option when he created the image of the Polish Jew Abram Kalinsky living in the USSR.

Messing spoke of Kazinsky in his memoirs: “In recent years, I have been told a lot about this most interesting person, and I regret that I could not get to know him, but now it is impossible - he died in 1962. He was a man of amazing erudition, who took part in the experiments of the famous animal trainer V. L. Durov, who was friends with K. E. Tsiolkovsky, V. M. Bekhterev, P. P. Lazarev. Some believe that he himself possessed extraordinary telepathic abilities. Kazhinsky was the prototype of one of the heroes of the famous science fiction novel by A. R. Belyaev “Lord of the World” - engineer Kachinsky. As you know, the engineer Kachinsky in Belyaev's novel is also developing the problem of direct thought transfer.

The novel "Lord of the World" was written in 1928. But back in 1923, the book of B. B. Kazhinsky himself "Transmission of thoughts (factors that create the possibility of electromagnetic oscillations radiating outward) in the nervous system" was published. And in 1962 he published his last book in his life - "Biological Radio Communication". All this time, almost forty years, separating two books, the scientist followed the achievements of a number of sciences - from psychiatry to radio electronics, finding more and more evidence of his

hypothesis.

Did he find them? Kazinsky thought he had found it. In particular, together with Durov, he conducted experiments on suggestion to animals from a grounded metal chamber that did not transmit radio waves. When the chamber door was open, the suggestion achieved its goal, the animal carried out the mental order, while when the chamber door was closed, the experiments turned out to be fruitless. But this series of experiments does not seem to me completely convincing, if only because similar experiments by the Leningrad scientist L. L. Vasiliev gave the opposite result: the camera isolating from radio waves did not in the least interfere with his transmission of mental suggestion. And so the question of the hypothesis of the electromagnetic, or, more precisely, radio wave, nature of thought transmission is still an assumption. It must be clearly and irrevocably established whether the electromagnetic field is involved in the transmission of thoughts. For my part, I can say: it is almost indifferent for me whether I have personal contact with my inductor or not, that is, whether I hold his hand or not. Most telepaths find it easier to penetrate a person's thoughts if they hold his hand. Perhaps this fact will help in the search for the truth? Well, if it turns out that the electromagnetic field has nothing to do with it, what to do? Well, then it will be necessary to find a field that is not yet known to us, which is responsible

for telepathic phenomena. Find and study it. Mastering it can open up new, completely amazing possibilities, no less than the mastery of the electromagnetic field opened up. Remember: Heinrich Hertz discovered radio waves in 1886. And in less than a hundred years, radio, television, radar, hardening with high-frequency currents, etc., etc. became possible. Why not expect that a new field that has not yet been discovered today will not give us even greater miracles!?

It is worth noting here that in Kazhinsky's experiments, it was possible to transmit, first of all, emotional states at a distance, and this is precisely what is recorded in ideomotor acts. It seems curious that in the novel by Alexander Belyaev, Kachinsky and his German colleague the telepath Stirner-Stern combine the properties of a telepath and a hypnotist. They are able not only to transmit and read thoughts with the help of electromagnetic waves emitted by the brain and converted into radio waves, but they are also able to inspire these thoughts, give commands at a distance, without visual contact with the object.

hypnosis.

Interesting metamorphoses took place with the finale of "Lord of the World" on the way from newspaper to book publication. In the first edition of the novel, published in the Gudok newspaper in October-November 1926, Stirner and Kaczynski, using the thought-emitting apparatus, prevent war and create the conditions for starting preparations for the organization of the World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Then, in 1926, the dream of a world revolution still lived in the USSR. But separate editions of the novel came out only in 1928-1929, when the course towards building socialism in a single country was already taken. Therefore, the theme of the world revolution was abandoned, and in the epilogue of The Lord of the World, Stirner, who turned into Stern and deliberately abandoned his telepathic gift, which brought him to nervous exhaustion, meets his former beloved Emma on the coast of Africa. Here, Dugov (as the trainer Durov is called in the novel) with the help of Kachinsky and the "reforged" Stirner catches lions for Moscow zoos. Such an ending can be understood as a hidden irony over the previous idea of using telepathy to bring about a world revolution. Schoenfeld was just ironic about Messing's admiration for Kazhinsky's theory when he stated: "And quite unexpectedly, I learned some details about the adventures of Abrasha Kalinsky, who, after serving 15 years in solitary confinement, appeared in Moscow in 1959 and began to visit friends and acquaintances tragically. Tatyana Zlatogorova,

who died from an incurable disease, whom he passed off as his wife. But this would not be worth writing if not for one circumstance.

One of my interlocutors knew well one of Messing's fans and through her met a telepath. But of course, she knew nothing about the pernicious role of Kalinsky in the fate of Messing and mine. Now she strained her memory to help me and tell me more about his fate. And suddenly she remembered that already in the seventies, that is, shortly before Messing's death, she unexpectedly saw him in the savings bank at the Moscow Hotel, on Marx Avenue. I thought I misheard when she added that he was in the company of "this, what is his name, Kalinsky, or something, well, who hung around Zlatogorova." - How? — I bulged my eyes. - Messing in the company of Kalinsky ?! Could it be? What were they doing there? - What could they

do? Talked. Pretty lively. What could they be talking about? - How do I know? I didn't stand by. I only saw them waving their arms. But you yourself know that Jews often speak with their hands.

- They must have quarreled? -

Hard to say. 'Cause the way they waved their arms about it it was hard to judge. But what about you?

I was completely stunned. Messing could meet with Kalinsky? I could imagine many things, but not this. What could they say to each other? What now, after everything that had happened, could bind them together? I tried to imagine Messing,

who, perhaps, had already begun to get rid of the fears of Stalin's time and memories of Tashkent. And suddenly Kalinsky appeared in front of him, a man from the past, whom he wanted to forget forever. What could this figure, emerging from the darkness of oblivion, want from Messing? Did he blackmail him? But how, in fact, he could blackmail him? Surely not by the threat of disclosure of how he provoked and imprisoned the great clairvoyant?

I did not find the answer to the questions that arose one after another. What is this new damn thing? And what, I thought, if Messing did not harbor any enmity towards his villain? Maybe his turn in life in Tashkent, which began very badly, ended very well? What if Kalinsky and Messing are one world

smeared? What if the release from the remand prison in Tashkent should be viewed from a completely different point

of view? I repeat that there are no grounds for such a discrediting Messing conclusion. And the answer from the FSB proves that there was no case against Messing, which means that there were no grounds for blackmailing Messing and his subsequent recruitment as a secret agent. In addition, as a sexot, Messing was not of great interest. He was not a very talkative person, reserved, and the profession of a telepath often forced his interlocutors to show a certain caution. In addition, Messing revolved mainly among artists and representatives of other creative professions, where there were enough informants without him.

The first aircraft, built at the expense of Messing, was handed over to the naval pilot, guard captain K. F. Kovalev. In total, during the war, Konstantin Fedotovitch personally shot down 20 and in a group battle - another 15 enemy aircraft. January 22, 1944 he was awarded the title of Hero of the Soviet Union. Kovalev shot down four planes while flying a fighter built by Messing. Konstantin Fedotovitch wrote about his meeting with Messing in the front-line newspaper "Pilot of the Baltic" dated May 22, 1944. Here is the text of his article: "In this battle, I shot down the thirty-first aircraft. That day, at the command post of the regiment, I received good news: the Soviet patriot professor of psychology V. G. Messing was giving me an airplane. I met him at the station. I was in a naval uniform and flying raglan, and he unmistakably found me. We embraced and shook each other's hands tightly. And somehow immediately between us established the closest relationship. All the way we talked passionately and excitedly. Everything was reminiscent of a meeting between father and son after a long separation.

The next day the professor went with me to the factory. The sun shines brightly. Workers and employees gathered at the factory airfield. Secretary of the Novosibirsk Regional Committee opens the rally. The first word is given to Professor Messing: - Hitler's

scoundrels expected to bring the great Soviet people to their knees. The enemies miscalculated, the Soviet people rose as one man to defend their rights. My homeland, its freedom, its honor and independence are infinitely dear to me. Fulfilling my duty, I decided to save cash to build an airplane and donate it to

Hero of the Soviet Union Kovalev. Comrade Stalin allowed me to fulfill my desire. The plane has been built. I hand it over to you, my son Kostya. Take it and beat the enemy so that the Soviet land and sky are forever free from the German invaders. I bless you for revenge, for victory ... A brand new fighter

stood, sparkling with paint. "For victory!" written on the fuselage. I read further: "A gift from the Soviet patriot Professor V. G. Messing to the Baltic pilot, Hero of the Soviet Union K. Kovalev."

Kovalev kept a diary. He lived in a hotel with Messing and noted in his diary that for seventeen days they repeatedly spoke to workers, schoolchildren, and wounded Red Army soldiers. Once they had a chance to perform together. In the hall of the House of Culture of the aircraft factory, Messing conducted his psychological experiments. The hall was packed, and a jury was elected to control the experiments. The audience asked to be led by Captain Kovalev. Strictly speaking, this contradicted Messing's condition that the jury should include people who were unfamiliar with him, but in this case Wolf Grigorievich went to meet the wishes of the workers and did not reject the candidacy of the Hero of the Soviet Union. In the very first note from the audience to Messing it was written: "Let the professor find the hidden package and read the note enclosed in it aloud." Messing went into the hall. He asked the author of the note to come to him. A young man came up. Messing took the inductor by the hand and unerringly led him to the place where the package was hidden. Having unfolded the note, Messing read aloud: "Ask the guest to tell about his exploits." Thus, Kovalev became a full-fledged participant in Messing's performance. It is possible that the first Messing inductor acted on the instructions of the party authorities, who wanted the audience to hear the story of the Soviet ace about his victories along with psychological experiments.

The acquaintance of Messing and Kovalev continued after the war. In 1946, Kovalev retired from the reserve and settled in the Krasnodar Territory. The following year, Messing came on tour to Krasnodar and recognized Captain Kovalev among the audience. They embraced. A few days later, Messing arrived in the village of Mingrelskaya, where Kovalev then lived. Then a correspondence began between them. Kovalev and his wife Ekaterina Dmitrievna visited Messing in Moscow more than once. In 1960-

In the early 1900s, Wolf Grigorievich once again came to the village of Mingrelskaya and stayed with the Kovalevs for a week, went fishing and admired the generous nature of the Kuban. Konstantin Fedotovitch Kovalev survived the telepath for many years and died in 1995 at

the age of 81. As already mentioned, Messing got married quite late, when he was already 45 years old. Messing does not mention any of his previous loves in his memoirs. Schoenfeld writes about a certain Sima, but her existence, as we have already said, is highly doubtful. Wolf Grigorievich never spoke about any of his novels during the Polish period of his life to any of his friends and admirers. I think this side of his life will forever remain a mystery.

Messing in his memoirs described his acquaintance with his future wife as follows: "In 1944, in Novosibirsk, after a session of "Psychological Experiments," a young woman approached me:

"It seems to me that the introductory word to your speech should be read differently ..." Well, well, - I

answered, - try to read it ... My next speech is in two days ... Will you have time to prepare? - I'll try. The day before, I met her again. I liked her manner

reading...

- Do you have a long dress for the performance? —

No, I think we should wear a dark formal suit. He more suitable for your "Psychological Experiment" sessions.

That was how I first met the woman who later became my wife, Aida Mikhailovna. She died in 1960. The years spent with her are the happiest in my life. There is nothing to add here. None of the memoirists ever

mentioned any quarrels between Messing and his wife.

During the war years, Messing allegedly had a godson. Actually there is some mistake here. There is no evidence that Messing was ever baptized into Orthodoxy or into any other Christian denomination. On the contrary, there is numerous evidence that Volf Grigorievich remained faithful to the religion of his ancestors and, in particular, read Jewish

prayer - memorial Kaddish. So Messing could not act as a godfather with all his desire. The "godson" of Wolf

Messing called himself the deceased quite recently - in 2009 - Egmont Lvovich Mesin-Polyakov. Tatyana Lungina testifies to his closeness to Messing in the last years of his life as a telepath. This is how she describes Messing's funeral: "The four of us arrived at the morgue, where Wolf Messing's body had been all these days: Valentina Ivanovskaya, a young friend of Wolf Grigorievich Alexei Mesin-Polyakov, whose friendship with his family lasted more than 30 years, me and my sons. The body was taken out of the

general compartment, and the coffin was installed on a kind of gun carriage - a modest copy of a real gun carriage, on which the remains of major military leaders or statesmen are erected. Alexei took out a small

pair of scissors from his pocket and cut off a small curl of grey, curly hair at Wolf Grigoryevich's temple, carefully put it in a postal envelope and hid it in his notebook. Alyosha was brought up in an intelligent Russian family. All of them: the grandmother, the mother of Alexei and he himself treated Messing like a saint. Messing did a lot of good for this family."

Often, Egmont Lvovich Mesin-Polyakov was mistaken for a relative of Wolf Messing. So, Natalya Mikhailovna Khvastunova recalled meetings with him: "In the late 70s or early 80s, a certain Mesin-Polyakov met with me - a man very similar to Messing in appearance. I thought he was his son. By age, he was born somewhere in the first half of the 40s. Born either in Novosibirsk, or in Irkutsk. But Mesin-Polyakov argued: "Everyone says that I am his son, but I am not his son." He was interested in Messing and the fate of his inheritance. He worked at an institute dealing with the problem of the transfer of Siberian rivers. And I was opposed to this transfer. We didn't have a conversation." Obviously, the idea of kinship

was prompted by both the almost complete coincidence of the surname and the external similarity. However, in fact, no relationship between the two namesakes can be traced. And Egmont Lvovich was born not in the 1940s, but a little earlier - on July 23, 1938, and not in Novosibirsk, but in Ashgabat. Here is what he said about meeting Messing in an interview: "We left

from Moscow in August 1941, I was then a three-year-old baby. After long wanderings in the fall of 1942, my mother, grandmother and I settled in Novosibirsk. We rented a room on Omskaya Street, 17, from the hostess Evdokia Gavrilovna Kozolova.

In another interview, Mesin-Polyakov clarified: "As far as I remember, my mother and grandmother moved from Ashgabat to Novosibirsk when I was about five years old. My father at that time served on the border, was a musician in the orchestra of the border troops. He named me Egmont after the famous Beethoven overture, which he liked to play on the accordion. In Novosibirsk, I was baptized as Alexei - in honor of my mother's brother, a pilot who died in the war. So I have two names... And Wolf Grigoryevich Messing, who became my godfather, was present at this Novosibirsk christening.

He predicted Lesha's death. I was present at this. He said about it to my mom. Lesha died on the Taman Peninsula.

We lived on Omskaya Street, in house number 17 - quite large, with huge, as it seemed to me then, wooden shutters. The hostess's name was Evdokia Gavrilovna Kozolova. Grandmother worked in the regional committee dining room and it was there that she met Messing: they started talking, she complained about our troubles, and he was so imbued that he specially came to meet me. From that day on, we started to be related relatives

relationship...

Grandmother worked in a dining room - either the regional committee, or owned by the Chkalov aircraft plant, I can't say for sure. Various receptions were held for the notes, the management came ... Grandmother was a chef, she cooked perfectly. Once a tall man with disheveled curly hair appeared in their kitchen, looked back and forth: "Well, bistro, bistro, housework!" - he said. Then he appeared in the kitchen more than once. I don't know for what purpose, apparently, he

controlled so that one of the guests would not be poisoned. On one of these visits, he saw his grandmother - she was standing at the window, she was very upset about something and immersed in her thoughts. Then, when I knew Messing for more than one year, I realized that

it was natural for him to turn to a saddened person - he

was very kind. "What's happened?" he asked then. The youngest son of my grandmother Lesha was a pilot and was at the front, and I got sick too. I was severely emaciated, and I was also haunted by nightmares provoked by the impressions of the war. It struck me in my memory how during the bombing, which our family got into during the evacuation, watermelons roll, break, scatter ... Their flesh seemed to me blood ... Wolf offered to look at me. During that visit, he showed much of what he could do. Since then, Messing began to come to us. In winter, I was baptized in the church, and he became my godfather." The boy, who was only five years old in the

winter of 1943/44, could hardly remember the very moment of baptism. But he could hardly have imagined that he was baptized in honor of the deceased uncle Alexei. If the parents of Egmont-Aleksey were true believers, they certainly could not help informing him of the fact of baptism. But since Messing could not be the godfather of Mesin-Polyakov, only two versions remain. Or the whole version with Messing as his godfather was invented by Mesin-Polyakov from beginning to end. Either his parents spoke to him about Wolf Messing as his godfather only figuratively, metaphorically, referring to the care that he showed about the boy. Personally, the first version seems more logical and probable to me, although the proximity of Egmont-Aleksey Mesin-Polyakov to Messing in the last years of the life of the great telepath is beyond doubt and is confirmed, in particular, by the memoirs of Tatyana Lungina. Could Messing appear in the kitchen of the regional committee canteen

in Novosibirsk? Probably could. It is possible that he arranged meetings there with one of his high-ranking admirers and could go into the kitchen to coordinate the menu with the chef. Wolf Grigorievich did not starve during the war, but the best food in Novosibirsk was probably in the regional committee dining room. Messing himself did not belong to the nomenklatura, but the nomenclature respected him and even to some extent was proud of his acquaintance with such a unique

man.

Mesin-Polyakov stated: "I really remember very clearly almost the entire period of our Novosibirsk life. I remember, for example, how Messing came to visit us and we are all together

celebrated the famous handover of the aircraft to pilot Konstantin Kovalev. The atmosphere was very cheerful and sincere. As for magic... Of course, Volf Grigorievich amazed and amazed me more than once. Once, with one glance, he made a flock of sparrows descend together to me, to the ground. On the day when we were celebrating the transfer of the plane, Wolf Grigorievich presented Kovalev, who was also visiting us, with a wonderful golden Swiss watch. He wore exactly the same. Of course, I, a curious boy, also wanted to look at this watch, and I asked Wolf Grigorievich to show it to me closer. To which he said: "And you go, stand in that corner, stretch out at attention, stretch your handle forward - and in three minutes you will have the same watch ..." I did just that: I stood, stood - and suddenly I see, that I really have a watch on my hand! I twisted them back and forth, twirled, examined, listened. And after a while they suddenly disappeared ... "

To be honest, the story with the watch, allegedly presented by Messing to Kovalev, does not inspire much confidence. Kovalev himself does not mention anything about this valuable gift in an article dedicated to Messing. The story of the sparrows, which Messing allegedly planted on the ground with one glance, can only cause a smile. You never know why the sparrows decided to land! After all, animals do not succumb to hypnosis, that is, verbal, and even more so telepathic suggestion. They can only be put into hypnotic sleep. In the same way, the story of the golden watch, as if put by an invisible force on the hand of little Mesin, and then just as suddenly disappeared, may be a case of hypnosis. But at the same time, Mesin-Polyakov could compose these stories later, already in adulthood. It is also doubtful that many decades later, Egmont Lvovich could remember his meetings with Messing at the age of five with any accuracy. Strictly speaking, we do not even have documentary evidence that the Mesin-Polyakov family met Messing during the war years, and not later. Further, Mesin-Polyakov recalled: "One winter an accident happened to me - I, having decided to check

my mother's words that Santa Claus sprinkled everything around with sugar for good children, and ice for bad children, licked the latch and tore off the skin on the tongue. The wound healed for a very long time. We even had to buy a chicken -

to treat my tongue with a fresh egg. And then one day my grandmother sent me to the barn for an egg. And Messing, who was with us just at that moment, says: "You don't need to go to the barn. Go into your room - there, in the darning machine on the table, you will find an egg. I go into the room and see that there really is an egg on the table in the darning - it was warm to the touch, as if the chicken had just laid it ... It still doesn't fit in my head how he managed to do such things ... »

Well, if the case with the miracle testicle really took place, then it is not so difficult to rationally explain it without applying all sorts of theories of telekinesis. It can be assumed, for example, that the treatment of the affected tongue with an egg was suggested by Messing himself and therefore he put an egg in the darning machine in advance - in order to strike the boy's imagination and induce him to enthusiastically absorb the raw eggs prescribed to him for therapeutic purposes.

There is a legend that Messing predicted its date a year or two before the victory in the war. True, not entirely accurate. Allegedly, at one of his speeches, he was asked when the war would end. Messing tensed, turned pale, and finally said that he saw Soviet soldiers on the streets of Berlin on May 5, 1945. It is noteworthy that Messing's memoirs do not say a word about this prediction. And no wonder. Indeed, by means of telepathy, that is, reading someone's thoughts, it would be impossible, with all desire, to predict the day the war would end. So here we could only talk about clairvoyance, a mystical phenomenon, but since Messing's memoirs were just intended to expose all sorts of mysticism, such a plot was clearly inappropriate here. There are several testimonies regarding

Messing's prediction of the start and end of the Great Patriotic War. So, according to Egmont Lvovich Mesin-Polyakov, Messing predicted when and how the war would end in one of his speeches: "But even earlier he said this in the Kremlin: June 22, 1941 - the beginning, May 5, 1945 - the end of the war . Beria was outraged. The USSR had a non-aggression pact with Germany, and the date of the end of the war seemed even more unrealistic - Messing prophesied for four whole years of battles ... Later, in May 1941, speaking in the concert hall of the Moscow Hotel, Wolf predicted one

to the girl who was going to Artek, that none of this would happen. This girl, who later became a journalist, Tatyana Lungina, wrote a book about Messing, while already in America, where she left.

We have already written about this prediction given in the book by T. Lungina - however, it was made not during the speech, but in front of him, and to her personally, and not to an audience of more than a thousand people. At first glance, it makes a strong impression: "No! None of this will happen! .. No film, no trip, NOTHING! However, there was nothing unusual in the assumption of an imminent war in June 1941. When Messing's popularity in the USSR reached its peak in the 1960s, the thesis of the surprise of the German attack as the main reason for the failures of the Red Army in the initial period of the war was intensively promoted. Therefore, the vast majority of people, especially those who were born after the outbreak of the war or at the time of the outbreak of the war were young children, were deeply convinced that on the eve of the war, Soviet citizens, with the exception of individual visionaries, did not even suspect that the war was about to begin. In fact, many contemporaries, at least adults, saw that troops were being transferred to the western borders, that many schools were preparing to be converted into hospitals, that there were other signs of an imminent war. True, everyone expected that the Red Army would quickly defeat the Germans - "with little bloodshed, with a mighty blow" -? and will go to liberate the peoples of Europe

from fascism. Before the war, Wolf Grigoryevich traveled a lot around the border regions of Belarus, and rumors about the possibility of an imminent war must have reached him. But it is one thing to hint at the possibility of an imminent war, and quite another thing to name the exact date when it will break out. In early June 1941, only Hitler and a few dozen ministers and senior officers of the Wehrmacht knew the exact date of the start of the Soviet-German war. And, judging by the story of Lungina, Messing did not even try to name the date of the start of the war. By the way, if the war had not started in 1941, Tatyana would most likely have forgotten about the conversation with Messing or would have connected it with an

unsuccessful attempt at filming in Central Asia. There are, however, a number of stories where Messing names the exact dates for the beginning and end of the war. One such story is the story of Mesin-Polyakov quoted

about this prediction. Both of them belong to the children of Mikhail Vasilyevich Khvastunov - Natalya Khvastunova and Mikhail Golubkov. Natalya Mikhailovna, who happened to meet Messing, told me in a conversation: "Messing said that he predicted in 1940 or at the beginning of 1941, but even before June 22, that Germany and Russia would have a war that would end with a Soviet victory between 3 and May 5, 1945. I believe that minds can be read, that the future can also be predicted. Although Messing did not directly make predictions of fate to anyone. After the Victory, Stalin sent Messing a congratulatory telegram, where he confirmed his prediction made in a private speech to the military. Stalin was not there, but he was informed. I think I am her

I saw it, but I don't remember

exactly. Mikhail Golubkov, unlike his sister, never met Messing, so he spoke about Messing's predictions from the words of his father and his mother, Valentina Alekseevna Golubkova. As he said in a conversation with me, "my father told me that Messing told him that he predicted in 1937 in Warsaw that Russian tanks would be in Berlin in 1945." Thus, all

evidence of Messing's predictions regarding the Great Patriotic War, with the exception of Tatyana Lungina's memoirs, is not direct. Almost all witnesses spoke about the prediction of the beginning or end of the war, referring to the words of Messing himself, and said many years after the end of the war. There is not a single direct witness who heard how, during his speech to a crowded audience, either in Novosibirsk, or in Irkutsk, or in Omsk, two years before the end of the war, Messing predicted that it would end in May 1945, when Soviet tanks will be in Berlin. And that in itself is thought provoking. If Messing had so amazingly accurately, with an error of only a few days, predicted back in 1943 the Soviet victory in May 1945, then one of the spectators would surely remember such an amazing feasibility of the prediction on an issue that worried not only the entire Soviet people, but also all mankind. And if I remembered, I would certainly share this amazing fact with journalists. However, all information about the predictions of victory appeared in print only in the presentation of friends

Messing, and only from his own words. There is one of two things: either Messing never predicted the dates for the end of the Great Patriotic War at all, or there were predictions, but in an extremely vague form, approximately the same as Messing predicted the beginning of the war for Lungina. Therefore, after the Victory, no one remembered this prediction.

Chapter Eight

The King of the Stage

After the end of the war, Messing's fame steadily increased. This was facilitated by the publication in the newspapers that the "patriotic professor" donated funds for the construction of two combat aircraft. A telegram of gratitude from Stalin also helped, which Volf Grigorievich could present not only in concerts, but also in other, more serious organizations. Perhaps because of this kind of "protection certificate" Messing did not fall into disgrace during the well-known post-war campaign of "the fight against rootless cosmopolitans."

After the war, Messing settled in Moscow with his Muscovite wife. For four years they had to live in the Moskva Hotel, and only later they were given a small apartment on Novopeschanaya Street. Here is what the writer Varlen Strongin recalls in his biography of Messing: "I first saw Wolf Messing at the end of 1947 on the stage of the State Jewish Theater on Malaya Bronnaya, which was directed by People's Artist of the USSR Solomon Mikhailovich Mikhoels (then Varlen Lvovich was only 15 years old. - B. WITH.). The evening took place on Monday, a day off for the actors, and significantly replenished the budget of the then little-visited theater. The destruction of Jewish culture was planned, and the words "Jewish bourgeois nationalism" were on everyone's lips. People were afraid to go to this theatre. Some people bought subscriptions to help him, but did not appear at the performances. But at the evening of Wolf Messing, the hall was packed to capacity. Chairs were even placed in the central aisle. And despite the fact that troubled times soon came in my family and in February 1948 my father, the director of the state publishing house of Jewish literature "Der Emes" ("Truth"), was arrested, Wolf Messing's concert impressed me so much that even now I, half a century later, I remember to the smallest detail all the experiments of this miracle man.

From the auditorium, illuminated by spotlights, he seemed like a magician, but unkind and cheerful, easily creating any miracles, but concentrated and excited. For every successful

experiment with spectators Wolf Messing expended a lot of energy, politely bowed to the applauding hall, and in a moment he was already working again, with the strain of all his physical and mental strength. By the end of the evening, beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

Strongin's story is perhaps the only evidence of Messing's connections with the Jewish community in the USSR. This is one of the most mysterious pages of his biography, although, honestly, it must be admitted that there are practically no mysterious, clarified pages in Messing's biography. Unless the time, place and circumstances of his death are not in doubt. There seems to be no

reason not to trust the story of Varlen Strongin. Messing's concert at GOSET was followed by tragic events - the murder of Mikhoels by MGB agents in January 1948, the arrest of Strongin's father, the closure of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee and GOSET, and open persecution of Jewish culture. So the evening of Messing and his time could be especially firmly imprinted in the memory of a fifteen-year-old teenager. And the arrangement of a concert in the Mikhoels Theater at a time when the clouds over Jewish culture in the USSR were gathering more and more, should be recognized as a real civic act. Thus, Messing demonstrated that he was not indifferent to the fate of the Jews and Jewish culture in his new homeland, although he never made public statements in support of them, having mastered the rules of the game well. It should also be taken into account that at that time Mikhoels was perceived by Soviet Jews as their informal leader. In addition, he enjoyed great prestige in the world, especially among the Jewish communities. Therefore, Stalin chose not to try him in a show trial, but simply to kill him, presenting the murder as an accident. And, of course, Messing maintained contacts not only with Mikhoels, but also with other prominent representatives of the Jewish diaspora in the USSR, but neither he nor they left memoirs about this. We will talk about the possible connections of Messing with the Jewish community and the Zionist movement in the USSR. For now, we only note that in the era of the struggle against cosmopolitans, Messing was not subjected to any persecution - he was not smashed in the press, was not expelled from work, and was not even limited in the number and geography of speeches. The concert at GOSET subsequently gave rise to a legend that

Messing in 1952 came to Stalin to ask him to stop the persecution of Jews and even predicted the death of the dictator in a few months, just on the Jewish holiday of Purim. Of course, this is only a legend, as is the story that Messing predicted a plane crash in Sverdlovsk, on which Stalin's son Vasily was supposed to fly along with the Air Force hockey team under his care. Then the Generalissimo allegedly ordered Vasily to go to Sverdlovsk by train. Here, not only Stalin, but also Messing himself do not look too worthy. Why didn't he insist that the flight be canceled altogether? And what about causality and predicting the future in general, if Messing's prediction changed the predicted reality, since Vasily Stalin remained alive? It is also unclear why Stalin, having taken pity on his son, did not take pity on the plane with its crew and hockey team. This was clearly not a government approach, and Iosif Vissarionovich was an inveterate statesman and, without the need of people, at least from among the elite (in this case, sports), and even more so scarce aircraft, he tried not to destroy.

What really happened in Sverdlovsk? On January 5, 1950, a Li-2 plane with 6 crew members and 13 passengers (11 hockey players, a doctor and a massage therapist of the Air Force team, who were heading to the match with Dynamo) crashed here in a strong snowstorm with sharp gusts of wind during landing approach. Nobody survived the crash. The famous striker of the Air Force team, Vsevolod Bobrov, missed his plane because his alarm clock did not ring, and thanks to this he survived, having gone to Sverdlovsk by train. He recalled: "The flight was scheduled for 6 o'clock in the morning. As I remember now, when I got home, I set the alarm clock, setting it for 4 o'clock in the morning. And, besides, I told my younger brother Boris to wake me up when he heard the alarm clock. But, waking up at 7 o'clock in the morning, I saw that the alarm clock had stopped at night, and my brother was sleeping sweetly. Overslept! The guys must have left. What to do now? And as if in response to this, someone desperately began to call the apartment. It was the administrator of the hockey team N. A. Kolchugin. "Mikhalych, are you sleeping?" - he asked. "I overslept, Nikolai Alexandrovich," I replied. — How now to be something? "Well, what can we do? We'll take the train tonight. You already be at home, and I will run f

I will call you". "Yes, I thought, it didn't work out well, and something happened to the alarm clock." Vsevolod Mikhailovich's brother Boris Mikhailovich Bobrov also left memories of this episode: "Vsevolod came home at about ten o'clock in the evening, and at about eleven we lay down. Our beds were next to each other, and in our heads there was a bedside table with an alarm clock. The alarm clock is old, proven and reliable, has never failed before. Vsevolod wound it up and handed it to me, and I remember well when I put it on the bedside table, looked at it again and put it to my ear - just in case, out of habit. Everything is fine! Why he stopped at night and did not ring - only God knows! The stopped alarm clock also saved the life of administrator Kolchugin. He was already on the plane when he was ordered to hand over checkbooks, accountable money, and other travel documents to the coach and find Bobrov by all means. They did not delay the flight: the weather is unstable, the airfield may be closed. In the evening of the same day, Bobrov and Kolchugin left for Chelyabinsk by train. When the train stopped in Kuibyshev, they announced on the station radio: "Major Bobrov is asked to immediately go to the military commandant's office." There he was informed of the death of the team. The funeral was held with military honors and salutes. An obelisk was erected over the mass grave. As for Vasily Stalin,

he was not going to fly with the Air Force team. After all, the players and coaches flew to Chelyabinsk three days before the first match. If Vasily wanted to, he would have flown directly to the match itself. After all, the Urals in January is still not a resort. Joseph Stalin, according to some versions, never even learned about the disaster in Sverdlovsk. Vasily allegedly tried to hide this sad event from his father, both because of the unimportant state of health of the Generalissimo, and because the Air Force military transport aircraft was not quite legally used for the charter flight of his favorite team. True, this was not initiated by Vasily Stalin, but by one of the team's coaches, Boris Bocharnikov, who did not want to waste precious training time (the train to the Urals took almost three days). No reports of the catastrophe in Sverdlovsk appeared in the newspapers. However, given that a solemn funeral was arranged for the dead, and the Air Force team itself was one of the strongest in the country, it is difficult to assume that Stalin

no one reported. The investigation determined that the crash was the result of a combination of adverse weather conditions and crew errors. No one was punished for the disaster. It is worth noting that after the war, Stalin no longer carried out mass pest control campaigns. In addition, the perpetrators of the disaster died and there was still no one to repress. By the way, rumor attributed the salvation of Vasily Stalin to Messing. Wolf Grigorievich himself in his

memoirs did not mention the catastrophe in Sverdlovsk. The glory of Messing grew. But, speaking with his psychological experiments, he had to remain within certain censorship limits,

although the latter were not as strict as, for example, in the field of pop satire and the artistic word in general. Let us recall a session of black magic in the Variety Theater from Mikhail Bulgakov's immortal novel *The Master and Margarita*. Here is what Woland looks like during this famous session: "The celebrity who arrived amazed everyone with her tailcoat of an unprecedented length and marvelous cut and the fact that she appeared in a black half mask. But most surprising of all were the two companions of the black magician: a long checkered one in a cracked pince-nez and a fat black cat, which, having entered the dressing-room on its hind legs, quite naturally sat down on the sofa, squinting at the bare make-up

lampions...

A minute later, the balls went out in the auditorium, a ramp flared up and gave a reddish glow to the bottom of the curtain, and in the illuminated gap of the curtain appeared before the public a full, cheerful as a child man with a shaved face, in a crumpled tailcoat and stale underwear. It was the entertainer Georges Bengalsky, well known to all of Moscow. "So, citizens," Bengalsky began,

smiling with a baby smile, "there will be a speech before you ..." Here Bengalsky interrupted himself and spoke with different intonations: "I see that the number of the audience for the third part has increased even more. We have half of the city today! One of these days I meet a friend and I say to him: "Why don't you come to us? Yesterday we had half of the city." And he answers me: "And I live in the other half!" - Bengalsky paused, expecting an explosion of laughter, but since no one laughed, he continued: - ...

So, the famous foreign artist Monsieur Woland performs with a session of black magic! Well, you and I understand, - here Bengalsky smiled a wise smile, - that it does not exist at all in the world and that it is nothing but superstition, but simply Maestro Woland masters the technique of focus to a high degree, which will be seen from the most interesting part, that is, the exposure of this technique, and since we are all as one for the technique and for its exposure, we will ask Mr. Woland! Having uttered all this nonsense,

Bengalsky clasped both hands, palm to palm, and waved them in greeting through the slit of the curtain, from which he, with a soft noise, dispersed to the sides.

Many of the realities of a session of black magic were not invented by Bulgakov, but taken, as they say, from life. So, on August 4, 1934, the chairman of the OGPU, Genrikh Yagoda, who, by the way, appeared as a guest at the Great Ball with Satan, sent a secret circular to the localities, which said: "The Main Repertory Committee by circular No. 1606 of 15 / VII p. gave a directive to all oblits and goblits ... that, when allowing the sessions of the so-called "clairvoyants", "mind readers", "fakirs", etc., they set indispensable conditions: 1) an indication on each poster advertisement that the secrets experiments will be disclosed, 2) so that during each session or at the end of it, the audience should be clearly and popularly explained about the experiments, so that the local layman does not have faith in the other world, supernatural power and "prophets". Local bodies of the OGPU should strictly monitor the fulfillment of these conditions and, in case of evasion and undesirable results, prohibit such sessions through oblits and gublits.

But many readers of the novel thought that the text of the posters "Today and every day at the Variety Theater is beyond the program: Professor Woland. Sessions of black magic with its full exposure", as well as the appearance of people from the Lubyanka after the scandalous session, is entirely the fruit of Bulgakov's fantasy. In fact, the obligatory exposure of all sorts of "magic" on the theater or circus stage at that time was vigilantly monitored by such a serious institution as the OGPU.

Perhaps the Soviet audience perceived Messing in the same way as the audience of the Variety Theater - Woland and his retinue. He is not always

He went on stage in a black tailcoat, more often in an elegant suit. Here is how he describes his feelings on stage in his memoirs:

"I have to go out into the hall, where almost a thousand people are sitting and everyone is looking at me. I need to capture these people, excite and surprise them, showing them my art, which most of them consider wonderful, surprise and at the same time, without disappointing, convince them that there is nothing miraculous about it, that everything is done by the power of the human mind

and will. But it's not at all easy to go alone into a hall where thousands of eyes are fixed on you: incredulous, doubting, sometimes simply hostile, and without sympathy, without support, at least in the first, most difficult, minutes, to do your job ...

Young and old people, men, women, boys, girls stand in groups in the foyer... Engineers and accountants... Scientists and metalworkers... Military... Builders... Miners... I had to speak in different places and, accordingly, in front of different audiences. During the war years, the hall was packed with people in uniform protective uniforms - not a single blue or white speck of a girl's dress could be seen in their ranks ... At distant construction sites in Siberia, even now the hall is filled mainly by people in overalls. They come here straight from work, these cheerful guys - concrete workers, carpenters, welders, bulldozers ... In the virgin lands in the hall, it happens that you will not find a single gray-haired or bald head - only young smiling faces ... And you need to find contact with everyone. But I always sat like this today, all alone before the performance, gathering my strength and imagining them - these people with whom I will meet this evening. I have a keen interest in them! I confess that often before the start of the experiments, when I feel that I have already managed to gather myself internally and am ready to

perform, I go on stage, slightly open the curtain and look through the crack into the hall ... "

It seems that after the publication of *The Master and Margarita*, the public looked at Messing as the Woland of our days. And he, having probably familiarized himself with Bulgakov's novel, tried not to disappoint her, remaining mysterious and incomprehensible, and even, perhaps, in some trying to imitate Bulgakov's magician.

From Messing, of course, at his sessions they also demanded "exposing". Or, more precisely, a scientific and completely materialistic explanation of the miracles he performs. Therefore, Volf Grigoryevich took care to receive another kind of "protection certificate", in addition to the Stalinist telegram. This "letter" came from scientists who proved the scientific nature of his psychological experiments, which, as authoritative pundits and no less authoritative scientific institutions certified, had nothing to do with otherworldly forces. Messing wrote in his memoirs:

"In 1950, my immediate superiors, the tour bureau, through which I spoke with my "Psychological Experiments," turned to the Institute of Philosophy of the USSR Academy of Sciences with a request to help in compiling a text that would explain the materialistic essence of my experiments. In response, the following letter was received: "Institute of Philosophy of the

Academy of Sciences of the USSR To the
Tour Bureau

Committee for Arts under the Council of Ministers of the USSR.

In accordance with your request, we are sending the text of the introductory speech to the speeches of V. G. Messing. The author of the text is Candidate of Pedagogical Sciences M. G. Yaroshevsky. The text has been approved by the Department of Psychology of the Institute of Philosophy. Head department of psychology Petrushevsky May 17, 1950.

This cover letter was accompanied by a text composed by M. Yaroshevsky. I present it here in a somewhat abbreviated form. "The psychological experiments of Messing, which

you will now see, indicate that Messing has an extremely interesting ability: Messing accurately, unmistakably executes the most complex mental orders that any of those present wish to offer him.

At first glance, Messing's ability to capture the mental orders of other people may seem like some kind of mysterious, supernatural ability. However, in reality, Messing does nothing supernatural. His experiences are fully explained by materialistic science. In order for those present to have complete clarity regarding Messing's experiments,

we will briefly describe why he manages to perform the most difficult tasks of the audience. The organ of thought is the brain.

When a person thinks about something, his brain cells instantly transmit an impulse throughout the body. For example, if a person thinks about taking an object in his hand, the idea of this action immediately changes the tension in the muscles of the hand. Thus, it would be completely wrong to think that Messing's

experiments prove the possibility of transferring thought from one brain to another. Thought is inseparable from the brain. If Messing guesses it, it is only because thought affects the state of the organs of movement and the whole body, and because Messing himself has the ability to directly feel this state. Observing the experiments of Messing, we are once again convinced that there is no such phenomenon that would not find an

exhaustive scientific explanation from the standpoint of the dialectical materialist theory. Until now, all my performances are accompanied by this text. This text, we must give him his due, is written in the spirit of Georges of

Bengal, especially the final conclusion about the "dialectical-materialist theory." And the statement that Messing could perform a task of any degree of complexity is nothing more than a poetic exaggeration, inevitable in any advertising product. In fact, Messing could not, for example, read the text, even the simplest one. His abilities were limited to searching for one or another object with the help of inductors. But the public was enthralled. A lot of evidence has been preserved about the life of Messing and his speeches in the Soviet Union. We present here just a few of

them.

In 1940, Messing met and became friends with chess grandmaster André Lilienthal, a Hungarian Jew who was born in Moscow in 1911, lived in the USSR since 1939, returned to Hungary in 1976 and is still in good health. Lilienthal recalled: "We met Wolff in the fortieth year. He was my good friend, moreover, our spouses were also friends. Aida Mikhailovna, Messing's wife, was the leader in their family. Wolf himself was outwardly very similar to Beethoven. believed in

God. He adored diamonds: a pin in a tie with a carat stone, a beautiful ring ... He was an interesting and strange person: he was very afraid of thunderstorms, even once he hid in the bathroom, he was afraid to cross the street if there was no traffic light nearby. Although in life there was an ordinary person who loved his dog immensely - a shepherd. With pleasure I walked her along the boulevard. Wolf liked to read detective stories and science fiction. He was so fond of reading that he could not eat for two days, and Aida

Mikhailovna became very angry. I often attended his performances. There Messing was completely different: a bundle of nerves, very emotional, very impulsive. Could be harsh. Once, during a session, he told his wife (she helped him on stage): "Aida Mikhailovna, this person is deceiving me, I can't work, remove him." "This man" turned out to be a professor of parapsychology. He wanted to test Wolf.

And how splendidly he worked blindfolded! Ran like a boy. Intuition!!! The performances were fantastic. But it was hard to look at Messing: such an inhuman concentration of strength and thought. That was incredible!" When asked by the interviewer

whether Lilienthal used the abilities of his friend, he replied: "Very rarely. He always turned out to be right, but once he deceived me. Or sorry. The fact is that my own sister, she was born in Moscow and was an excellent performer of Hungarian dances, died in a concentration camp at the beginning of the war. Cape wife did not know anything and suffered greatly. Asked Wolf to help. He looked and said: "She is alive. But it hurts a lot." I was glad that at least I was alive. But two weeks later I received a death notice. My wife Evgenia was very offended by Messing and said this to Aida Mikhailovna. She replied that Wolf knew the truth, but did not want to upset us. You can't talk about death. I don't know if this is true. In the future, we did not deal with this case.

Well, it was not so difficult to predict the death of a Jewish woman who ended up in Hungary in 1944, when the Germans and local fascists began to implement the "final solution" in this country as well.

According to Lilienthal, Messing did not know how to play chess at all: "He did not even know how a horse walks. But through me, Wolf joined the world of chess. There have been all sorts of cases. He liked to impress the grandmasters with something amazing. One day

my colleagues gathered at our house. Messing has arrived. We hid a chess piece under the shoulder strap of one of the military men. He found her instantly. They asked me to find a book in the closet, where on the 35th page there is the word "rose". Everything was

done in three seconds! I don't know if it's true or... but Spassky told me that when he played the match with Tal, Wolf was in the hall. Spassky knew that Messing was rooting for Tal, and he felt a strong suggestion "to defeat." Spassky won, but with great difficulty. Messing up is nothing said.

At my place, Wolf met grandmaster Yuri Averbakh. The chess player said: "What a pity that you, Wolf, do not play chess! I would give you two moves in advance." - "And you don't give me a head start, just think about how best to move: left, right, forward, one, two cells, knight, rook ... And in the evening at the House of Arts I will win a match against your opponent, a Czechoslovak chess player." Averbakh immediately, over tea, checked whether Messing could really count a thought. He carefully looked at Wolf, and in a split second he put a piece of lemon into Yuri's tea. Averbakh was smitten. In the evening, Messing won the game against

the Czech, absolutely not knowing how to play chess. If this is not a legend, then at the

moment of the game Messing had to be in close contact with Averbakh in order to guess the moves proposed by the grandmaster with the help of ideomotrics.

Andre Lilienthal recalled one episode that may have inspired Messing's story with his own escape from home and the train controller who stamped a piece of paper instead of a ticket: "Is it an understandable phenomenon or not if a child of seven years old goes to jail? And that was me. My mom was a singer. Soprano. She sang in Moscow. Father was a race car driver. At one time, in the Moscow-Petersburg rally, he took second place. So, my mother was invited on tour to her homeland, to Budapest. We children went with her. The father was late. Thought not for long ... And the First World War began. Father was interned in Orenburg. The mother lost her voice from excitement and, in order to feed her family, worked as a dressmaker. Life was hungry, poor - hell. And my mother was forced to send my sister and me to the Szombatheya shelter, which is near the Austrian border. It was not sweet there, and one night we ran away. We boarded the train, the peasants hid us under

shop. But the conductor found us and informed the police. They took us to jail. We were in a water cell with street women, we slept on plank beds. My sister got sick and they operated on her there. There was a report about us in the newspapers, and my mother came for us. It's sad to remember such..."

And here is the testimony of another friend of Messing, who met with the great telepath a quarter of a century later than Lilienthal. Photographer and former employee of the military research institute Vyacheslav Tsoffka met the famous telepath in the early 1960s. He recalled: "Although Messing spoke Russian, sometimes he could not remember this or that word. And if we discard this, then in life he was a simple man: he loved women - he had many admirers, - he drank cognac. We did it together. He was comfortable talking to me. I hardly asked questions, and Wolf really appreciated that. But somewhere a day before the performance, Wolf changed. He became irritable and angry when someone distracted him. For a day he stopped eating, and the next meal was only after going on stage.

It is characteristic that for Messing his performances, according to the testimonies of many people who knew him, were very hard work, requiring great physical and nervous tension. This was the only way to activate his mind-reading abilities. As for the popularity of Messing among women, Zoffka's testimony is one of the few that point to this. Other acquaintances say, rather, that Messing's appearance did not encourage women to flirt with him too much. Another thing is that there were really a lot of admirers of his talent both among men and women. Esperantist Alexander Kharkovsky, who later emigrated to America, recalled: "Wolf Grigorievich not only had an excellent command of the

Esperanto language, but also knew the family of the founder of this language, Dr. Zamenhof, a Polish Jew. Messing was his friend, and their families were also friends, sharing a common tragic fate in the Warsaw ghetto. And suddenly he learns that Zoya Mikhailovna, the great-niece of Dr. Zamenhof, will have a difficult operation that could only end in death. Zoya, my good friend, was, as it were, the last sprout on the ruined tree of the Zamenhof family. Like Wolf Grigorievich in the Messing family. And messing

rushed to save her. Messing picked me up in a taxi, and we went to Pervaya Gradskaya, where Zoya Zamenhof was lying. After talking with Zoya, Messing told the doctors: "Let them do the tests again and discharge the person." And so it happened: the next day, the doctors did not even find traces of the disease in her, and she was in good health for another 34 years. This was just one of the miracles that Messing performed. And I have since established friendly relations with him. We were united by the language of Zamenhof, which we spoke both in person and on the phone. They called each other *kara samideano* (dear soul mate). And since Esperantists in the USSR were constantly subjected to persecution (under Stalin they were simply killed in the Gulag) - either we were expelled from clubs, or summer camps were banned - we continually turned to Messing for

support. It often helps." Kharkovsky claims that it was he who introduced Khvastunov to Messing: "Two more of my friends were there, thanks to whom I began to communicate with Messing more often - Pakhomova Margarita Gavrilovna, a doctor, a person close to Messing, and Mikhail Vasilyevich Khvastunov, head. department of science at Komsomolskaya Pravda, whom I introduced to Messing.

The information that Kharkovsky reports about Messing is highly doubtful. Let's start with the fact that Messing in his memoirs does not say anything about owning Esperanto, nor does he mention the Esperantist movement. Of course, under Stalin, Esperantists were subjected to repressions, many of the most prominent figures in the movement were shot or sent to the Gulag. However, beginning in 1956, the Esperanto movement revived. There were publications about the "language of the future" in scientific journals, and in 1966 a Russian-Esperanto dictionary was published. So there was no point in hiding the fact that Messing knew Esperanto, especially since in his memoirs he scrupulously listed all the languages that he knew. Equally doubtful is Kharkovsky's assertion that it was he who introduced Messing to Khvastunov. According to Mikhail Golubkov, Messing was introduced to Khvastunov by his mother, Valentina Alekseevna Golubkova.

Despite the all-Union fame and considerable income, the living conditions of Wolf Grigorievich left much to be desired. Tatyana Lungina recalled: "They lived on Novopeschanaya

street. In the early 1950s, it was still the outskirts of Moscow. So it took more than an hour to travel, but spring Moscow on the eve of the linden blossoms disposed to appeasement, and the road did not seem to me either long or tiring. The

three-story house stood at the back of the courtyard. The courtyard with well-groomed flower beds resembled an old courtyard from Polenov's painting. I went up to the second floor and immediately noticed a copper plate on the door - Wolf Messing. And there is no explanation, like: "doctor of occult sciences,

magician and wizard ..." The dog was the first to respond to the call - with a juicy mild growl. The door was opened by Aida Mikhailovna, and immediately behind her the shaggy head of Wolf

Grigoryevich surfaced ... The furnishings of the apartment, starting with the hallway, are very, very modest. In the first little room-corridor there is an old, iron-bound chest, which is now, at the time of mass nostalgia for the past, in great fashion. Above it is a clothes hanger. In addition to the entrance hall, there is the only living room, and a kitchenette about nine

meters away. While I was inspecting the dwelling, a huge purebred German shepherd was following me, still purring... Next

to the desk, on a high coffee table, stood a large TV set, rare in those years, donated, as I later learned, by the Chairman of the Council of Ministers in gratitude for the treatment of his son from chronic alcoholism. A small cupboard filled with crockery - scattered items from white porcelain tableware made by the Kuznetsov factory. And by the wide window, which occupied almost the entire wall, there was an armchair and a bed. In it sat a completely gray-haired woman, whose gray hair could be mistaken for a wig - her face looked so youthful.

They introduced me:

"This is our Irochka, my older sister," said Aida Mikhailovna.

The woman, without getting up, gave me her hand: "Iraida Mikhailovna...

So, it means to which "girl" Irochka I sent a telegram with Tbilisi railway station And she is, of course, under sixty.

Aida Mikhailovna, meanwhile, began to fuss at the table, and Wolf Grigorievich busily asked about the affairs of the publishing house, as always meticulously delved into the little things.

While the table was festively and magnificently decorated in the spirit of Moscow hospitality, I learned a lot about other "family members": the German shepherd Dick and Levushka, a kenar in a cage.

Wolf Grigoryevich, as if it was a son or granddaughter, repeated twice that Dick was brought up aristocratically and he paid one and a half thousand for training. Then it was a lot of money. (This happened before the death of Messing's wife in 1960. Accordingly, the then one and a half thousand rubles were equal to 150 rubles in the period 1961-1991. This amount was slightly higher than the average monthly salary in the USSR, which in 1970 was equal to 122 rubles. So the amount spent Messing for training, does not look very large, especially since his average monthly income in the 1960s-1970s probably exceeded a thousand rubles. - B.S.) And I also drew attention to the many books scattered everywhere: on the closet, on the

shelves, even under chairs and under the table. But, despite such randomness, it was felt that the attitude towards books was careful ... Meanwhile, the table was set. Everyone was properly seated. A separate, emphatically caring invitation to

Iraida Mikhailovna. She slowly got up, resting her hands on the armrests of the chair and, without moving her legs, but dragging them, straining her whole body, she began to move towards the table. She was wearing trousers, so it was not clear if she had a congenital defect or an injury. But then everyone gathered at the festive table, and I saw stuffed fish, dumplings and even matzah served. Everything as it should be and what the Jews should have on the Easter table. Volf Grigoryevich put on a white dress - a kitl, as my grandfather once did, girded himself with a white cord - a hartle, and led the seider to the end. The nightmare of the trial of Jewish "criminal doctors" has not yet faded from memory, and therefore such a religious ceremony and culinary liberty could pass for a feat in those days.

After tasting the treats, I noted to myself that Aida Mikhailovna also a skilled cook.

They raised their glasses and congratulated each other on Easter. By sign Wolf Grigorievich, everyone fell

silent. - I hope, I ... am sure that Irochka will be saved from Burdenko! The last word he somehow nervously shouted out. "Is it true, Wolf Grigoryevich?" Iraida Mikhailovna's face lit up with hope. - This

is not Wolf Grigorievich for you, but Messing says! So the second time I heard this phrase, sounding like

spell".

The sister of Messing's wife, Iraida Mikhailovna, had a spinal tumor. A few weeks later, Lungina was present at the family council, where the question of the operation was decided. Actually, the issue was resolved long ago, since Wolf blessed his sister-in-law for an operation at the Burdenko hospital. According to Tatyana Lungina, there was no merit of Messing that the sister-in-law was placed in a good hospital. He was always an opponent of any "blat", he never benefited from his fame. He was too modest and shy for that. Lungina reports that Iraida Mikhailovna was an actress in the

past, survived the Leningrad blockade, during which she buried her husband. Food was ordered to the hospital for her at the restaurant of the Moscow Hotel, where Wolf and Aida lived for four years.

Lungina's story emphasizes that the Messingians celebrated Easter in accordance with all Jewish canons and laid the Easter table in accordance with all the rules. This once again proves that Wolf Grigorievich remained a faithful Jew until the

end of his life. It is striking that Messing, although he was not an ascetic, lived rather modestly. There was no decent furniture in his small apartment, and there was especially nowhere to put it there. Luxury concerned only the home table. It is not known whether she survived after the death of Aida Mikhailovna, since Tatyana Lungina does not report anything about the culinary talents of her sister. It is possible that after the death of his wife, Messing ate more often in restaurants. And in any case, given his frequent tours, he did not have to eat very often at home.

Tatyana Lungina left us several sketches of the Messing couple's life on tour. Here, for example, they are in Tbilisi: "Aida Mikhailovna carefully cut pieces of meat for Wolf Grigorievich, stirred sugar in his glass of tea. And he sat helpless, uninitiated, relaxed. It is obvious that he is quite tired. Yes, nothing surprising. Already at his first performance, I noticed that he devoted himself entirely, frantically to his psychological experiments, and he had no strength left for anything else. On stage, he is always in a state of nervous tension, and not only is he nervous, but also makes all the spectators in the hall be in suspense. After exchanging glances with Aida Mikhailovna, we

understood without explanation: he needed a thorough rest. After taking a few pictures, we returned to the hotel. It turned out that we lived on the same floor, almost next to each other. He climbed to the second floor with difficulty.

But why is it difficult? Age? He's only about fifty years old, after all. And on stage during performances, he moves so energetically and quickly. Sometimes even running. "Apparently, he was just tired," so I decided then. And

this is the Moscow performance, remembered by Lungina: "On stage during performances, Messing seems to the audience a person not of this world. His nervous state is transmitted to all those present, he literally electrifies the hall. And at the moment of completing the task, his gaze rushes from the audience to the inductor and back. Covering his mouth with his hand, sobbing, as if after sobs, he whispers "mommy", and it seems that in front of you is a helpless person, in a fever. But at home, he was completely transformed. Calm, affectionate, disposed to playfulness, helpful and gallant. There was no visible connection between his stage image and his behavior in everyday life that could at least clarify something. According to Lungina, Messing performed quite rarely in Moscow, but he

often traveled to the periphery and with pleasure. He especially liked to speak to students. According to her, "his gift was treated as practical anti-religious propaganda, it was believed that it demonstrates the absence of everything super-mysterious and divine in nature. That is why he performed most often in the remote regions of the Urals, Siberia and Central Asia, where,

according to the leaders of the State Concert, mystical prejudices were still strong. But it turned out that, dispelling faith in religious miracles, Messing, voluntarily or involuntarily, forced the audience to believe in his miraculous abilities. Aida Mikhailovna told Lungina that once, during a performance, some exalted lady exclaimed: "Vanya, he's a saint !!!"

In 1960, Messing experienced one of the most significant tragedies in his life - the illness and death of his beloved wife.

Her illness is described in detail by Lungina: "Aida Mikhailovna fell ill - a malignant tumor of the mammary gland. And again the clinic, again the drugs and again the anxiety.

After amputation of the entire mammary gland, long-term conservative treatment began. There is no doubt that Messing foresaw a sad outcome. He fell into melancholy. There was tension in the family. Iraida Mikhailovna was completely occupied with her sick sister. She sat late at her bedside, following all the doctor's orders and the instructions of Messing himself. And the disease, the radical treatment of which has not been found to this day, was suddenly suspended for a while.

I sincerely admired Aida Mikhailovna. What spirit did she need to possess, what weapon did she arm herself for life? During the breaks of chemotherapy and X-ray therapy, accompany Messing on his tour and continue to be the host at his sessions! But during a trip to Gorky, she finally fell ill and, accompanied by a nurse, was sent by steamer to Moscow. She could not even go down the ladder herself, and Wolf

Grigorievich carried her out in his arms. So their Volga tour was interrupted - the last in her life. Her condition was so severe that even on the ship she was constantly given injections in order to take her to Moscow alive. This time, Wolf Grigoryevich did not put her in the hospital.

He understood that there was no need. He knew this was the end. And it all started many years ago, in Tbilisi, when he told Aida Mikhailovna that one should not joke with this disease ... And she herself understood that she was dying. Counting down her last days, she tried to convince Messing

that everything will be fine, that everything will work out. Even in this state, her altruism manifested itself.

In early June 1960, academicians Nikolai Nikolaevich Blokhin, an outstanding surgeon, founder of the cancer center in Moscow, and Iosif Abramovich Kassirsky, a well-known therapist and hematologist, visited the dying woman. The luminaries of medicine understood that the situation was hopeless, but they tried to somehow console the Messings. Lungina recalls: "The silence was broken by Academician Blokhin: "Wolf

Grigorievich, my dear, you don't need to worry so much ... You know, it happens that the patient is ill, and then suddenly there is an improvement and the patient lives for a long time and in a decent state of health ... I remember ... Messing is not let him

finish. He was shaking, his hands were trembling, and red spots on the face. "Listen,"

he almost shouted, "I'm not a boy! I am messing! Don't talk nonsense to me, she won't get better. She... will die. It looked like he was about to lose

consciousness. Or that state of nervous shock will come, which, like an overture, opened his performances on stage. He quieted down, stood for a minute in the middle of the kitchen and

quietly said:

- She will die on August 2 at seven o'clock in the evening ... He immediately relaxed, or rather wilted, his hands hung like a whip, and he quietly sank into a chair. I glanced quickly at Blokhin to gauge his reaction. The famous doctor was stunned by the superhuman prognosis. Now it was impossible to recognize him as a self-confident healer. Both horror and reverence were read in his eyes at the same

time. It is not known whether Messing really predicted the day and hour of his wife's death, or whether Lungina added the exact date retroactively. But, probably, at that moment, in order to predict the imminent death of Aida Mikhailovna, alas, it was not necessary to be Messing. Moreover, the venerable academicians could not hide from Wolf Grigorievich that a sad event was just around the corner. Messing's wife died at exactly seven

o'clock on August 2, 1960. Nine months after her death, Messing was in a deep depression. Only later did he return to performances. The role of the host at the evenings, according to Lungina, was offered to her, but she

refused, and then the choice fell on Messing's old friend Valentina Iosifovna Ivanovskaya. According to Lungina, Valentina Iosifovna "fully met the stage requirements: slender, beautifully built, with a surprisingly strong nervous structure, which is important for Messing's assistant, a hot and quick-tempered person. Besides, she had excellent diction." But it took several months to teach her the basics of a new profession. Iraida Mikhailovna took up its preparation. With this, as well as with the depression of Wolf Grigorievich, a forced break in performances was associated. Ivanovskaya was supposed to introduce Messing to the audience, explain the meaning of his experiments and comment on the actions of the telepath. She also acted as an administrator: she entered into contracts for performances, purchased plane and train tickets, made hotel reservations, and even prepared dinner for the magician if they did not dine at a restaurant. According to Vyacheslav Tsoffka, "in nine years of communication, I have never seen

someone else in his apartment. Moreover, provocateurs and hooligans often called Messing, so Iraida answered the phone. The caller had to give his password, then she already called Wolf. My password was "nature lover". It seems to me that Messing, not only among politicians, but simply had no friends ... "Zoffka recalled:" On June 2, 1963, I came to him. I took a bottle of Bulgarian wine "Varna".

In addition to me, Messing and the sister of his late wife, Iraida Mikhailovna, were in the apartment. I served in the army and worked at a military institute. I had problems in the service, I didn't know what to do... Of which, of course, I never spoke, never complained about anything. But that evening, Iraida somehow jokingly turns to Messing: "Wolf, why should you make a general out of him?" He somehow looked at her angrily: "He will not be a general! He will be a colonel." And I was a major without any prospects. But what do you think? Exactly one year later they give me a colonel! ..

There was one interesting experiment on me. Messing wrote something in Latin (obviously, in Latin letters. - B.S.). Here Iraida Mikhailovna enters with a question: "Can I remove the cups from the table?" You should have seen what happened to him! At that moment, his veins swelled up: "How many times have I told you: don't bother me!" She flew out of the room. Then Wolf began to calm down. Began to write. And

four two-digit numbers - 32, 45 - and two more of some kind ... Then he says: "Slava, cross out one." I lifted my head up to avoid being influenced by him, and automatically lowered the handle where it hit. And I cross out 45. He: "Turn the sheet over." I flipped. It says: 45. Then he began to manipulate the numbers. And he says: "Four and five ..." He began to put something together. "Four and five is the ninth. What month is this? I said September. He: "What you wanted will come true in September." With the onset of autumn, I received a two-room apartment.

The trick with numbers is actually quite famous. As for predicting the future colonelship to your good friend, it is always good to please a person. If the prediction comes true, the one whom it concerns will surely remember it. If it does not come true, then he will surely forget it soon.

Zoffka claimed that all the predictions given by Messing were 100% true. But the fact is that a person tends to remember only predictions that have come true. Messing's note, addressed to Zoffka and dated May 1, 1965, said: "Glory! Always remember our last conversation. A great desire and a steady pursuit of the goal overcome everything. The wish is quite traditional. Did Messing himself possess these qualities? It is difficult to say, just as it is difficult to determine what goal Wolf Grigorievich was striving for in life. It is unlikely that this goal was to comprehend the nature of one's own gift. Otherwise, Messing would have done just that in his free time from concerts. This goal was not a banal burning of life. With his means, he could do it on a grand scale. It also cannot be said that he attached great importance to his abilities as a soothsayer and sought to predict any significant events in someone's life or in the history of the country, even if he believed in the presence of such abilities. I think that the purpose and meaning of life for Messing were just performances with their psychological experiments. On the one hand, he gave people a sense of wonder, like a new prophet. On the other hand, in this way he asserted himself in his own uniqueness, proving to himself and others: "I am Wolf Messing, the one and only."

Of course, the death of his wife violated the well-established life of Messing (how well-established can be considered the life of a person who spent half or even most of his life on tour). True, her sister Iraida replaced Aida Mikhailovna in the household, but she could not go on tour with Messing. So Wolf Grigorievich, who used to cook delicious meals on tour, now had to visit restaurants more often. In addition, the sister-in-law could not provide Messing with the psychological support and understanding that his wife had previously given. One gets the impression that after the death of his wife, Messing had very few friends left and he very often had to spend evenings in the company of Iraida Mikhailovna, TV and two dogs.

Did Messing have connections with women after the death of his wife? Egmont Mesin-Polyakov stated: "You know, he was very loving. He loved beautiful women, they inspired him. But, nevertheless, I'm sure he was monogamous. This testimony can be understood in such a way that all his life Wolf Grigorievich loved only his wife, and he had purely platonic relations with other women. However, the words of Egmont Lvovich can be understood in the opposite way. Say, Messing had full-fledged novels with many women, but only his late wife always remained in his soul, and new mistresses did not cause any deep emotional experiences in the great telepath.

Messing had two beloved dogs - Mashenka and Pushinka, who brightened up his loneliness. According to Lungina, "Wolf Grigorievich, like a child, loved touching stories about dogs, for which he had a weakness. But in this childishness there was nothing of infantilism, only the purity, trustfulness and curiosity of a child in the guise of a sage. Pets lived with Messing before - having barely received an apartment in Moscow, he started a shepherd named Dick and a parrot Levushka. The dogs helped the telepath maintain the strict daily routine he had established - waking up at eight in the morning, he immediately went for a walk with them to a nearby public garden. The rest of the day, if there were no performances, he spent at home - he did not go to the theater, did not visit museums, almost did not go to the cinema. I didn't even go out to the grocery store in the next house, avoiding

the attention of fans.

It turns out that Wolf Grigorievich lived as if in a case, isolating himself from the outside world. But it is still impossible to unequivocally state that Messing had no friends, based on Zoffka's impression. After all, Vyacheslav Vyacheslavovich was hardly a member of Messing's inner circle. And the fact that no one was present at their meetings with Messing does not mean at all that no one came to visit Messing - Zoffka and Messing did not meet so often.

In his memoirs, Messing described his daily Moscow life in the early 1960s, when he was already a widow:

"I live in Moscow, in an ordinary apartment in a new building on Novopeschanaya Street. I am writing now in the room at the desk by the window. Instead of a writing instrument - a miner's lamp. On the left is an antique porcelain coffee utensil. All these are gifts from friends. Several hundred favorite books. Portrait of the deceased wife on the wall. On the TV - a piece of amazing transparent rock - crystal. I love holding it in my hands. It was given to me by miners on one of my trips to the Soviet Union. Four people live in this apartment - my whole family. In addition to me,

my wife's sister - she runs our simple household - and two funny snow-white dogs Masha and Pushinka - a daughter and a mother. We are all very friendly to each other and try to respect and understand the desires and habits of the other.

I got up, as always, at eight in the morning. I did some breathing exercises. Took care of the toilet. Then I went for a walk with my four-legged friends.

Returning from a walk, I take out newspapers and letters from the mailbox. He sat down on the couch and unfolded them. Just, probably, as you, the reader, do on your day off. And just like everyone else, I was excited and upset by some messages, delighted and inspired by others. Modern man cannot but live the life of the entire globe, which the achievements of science and technology have made so small. And I am happy and sad messages from all the continents of the earth - and from Antarctica, and from Brazil, and from Australia, and from Somalia ...

At ten I have breakfast. Strong coffee with milk. A couple of soft-boiled chicken eggs. Slice of bread.

From breakfast to lunch - sorting mail. Letters arrive daily. Write my viewers. They advise on various issues of life and creativity. Scientists write, often from seemingly distant fields of knowledge. I answer every email. Sometimes not right away. Sometimes in a week or two, when it becomes clear how I should answer. Well, if there is time, I give it to an interesting new story published in a

literary magazine, reflections on new experiments, playing with my four-legged friends. At such times

this book was also written.

At four o'clock - a simple homemade dinner. Short rest. I turn on the TV. This amazing invention gives me a lot of joy. It pushes the walls of the house so that the whole world is visible. And often it replaces my visit to the theater, concert, circus ...

I love all types of theatrical art - from drama and opera to circus and stage. I was acquainted with many outstanding actors: the inimitable Chaliapin, the ironic Mikhoels, the mighty Provo Sadovsky, the magician Vertinsky... Before that, I used to spend every free evening at the theatre, at a concert or at the circus. Now I often sit in front of the TV instead. Do you confess? One of the reasons that makes me avoid going to theaters is the fear of being recognized. It is very unpleasant when you, who came calmly and peacefully to enjoy the acting, the art of the director, are secretly pointed from behind with a finger, and sometimes they unceremoniously run ahead to "look". This is very disturbing. This is one of the reasons why I avoid going to places where there are a lot of people. Sometimes one of my friends comes in in the evening. Sometimes I myself go to someone's house. But, as a rule,

at eleven o'clock I am at home. After all, my four-legged friends are waiting for me. Evening walk with them. And at twelve o'clock I'm already sleeping ...

Today I was just Wolf Grigorievich. And tomorrow I have another performance. It will be necessary in the morning to gather strength, concentrate ... We must again become Wolf Messing! .. Believe me, it is not easy for them to be. It is

striking that in those days when it was not necessary to give concerts, Messing led a measured life of a tradesman. half day

spent reading letters and newspapers. The other half day is TV and playing with dogs. I read Messing and books, but mostly entertaining - detective stories and science fiction. In the last decade and a half of his life, he went to theaters less frequently than before, not at all because of fears that the public would recognize him and look at him as some kind of curiosity. Actually, it was old age. Volf Grigorievich's legs hurt more and more often due to chronic arthritis. He really knew many artists, and they willingly made acquaintance with him, like other celebrities. However, they were primarily interested not in Messing-man, but in Messing, a telepath and clairvoyant.

It is also noteworthy that on days when it was not necessary to perform, Messing almost never did anything related to his telepathic gift. Unless sometimes I read books about dolphins and hypnosis. Wolf Grigorievich clearly separated work and personal life. Telepathy was a job for him, and a very hard one at that. Therefore, in his free time, he preferred only to relax, and not try to deepen his knowledge in the field of telepathy and psychology. Moreover, he probably got acquainted with the relevant literature in the 1920s and 1930s.

In the last decades of his life, and especially after his death, when the era of glasnost came and censorship restrictions fell, Messing became a mythical figure, turning into the Great telepath and the Chief sorcerer and magician of the Land of Soviets. Some people innocently thought that Mikhail Bulgakov wrote his Woland in many respects from Messing. Say, and they turn to him "messir" - almost like "Messing". Only this, as they say, could not be, because it could never be. Bulgakov began writing his great novel in 1929, when no one knew anything about Messing outside of Poland. By the time Messing arrived in the USSR in the fall of 1939, the novel had already been almost completed. In Moscow, Messing first appeared, even if we take his story about a meeting with Stalin, after May 1, 1940, and Bulgakov died on March 10 of the same year. So they basically couldn't date each other.

Clearly legendary stories were also told about Messing. So, Egmont Lvovich Mesin-Polyakov stated: "My youngest son became seriously ill. The doctors I went to prescribed a bunch of strong drugs that I was just afraid to give.

sick. I turned to Messing to examine his son. Wolf Grigoryevich asked me to leave them alone for a while. When I returned, I saw the following: Wolf Grigoryevich lightly ran his hand over the back of the boy's head and said that now everything would be all right with him. And indeed, the disease has passed without a trace. Once I wanted

to take a picture of Wolf Grigorievich: I came to his house with my rather good German camera. He smiled so slyly and said: "Well, take pictures ... But it won't work out for you anyway." Of course, I was surprised: "Why won't it work? There are still a lot of films!" Everything checked, adjusted, photographed. And when I began to develop the photographs, I saw that the film showed a crowd of people walking along Kalininsky Prospekt, and the faint outlines of his face against this background. These are the things... You know, he amazed me all my life, it was impossible to get

used to his gift. Picking mushrooms with him was amazing because he could feel where they were hiding. He was very fond of collecting mushrooms, he liked their smell. I remember how we ended up at the cemetery during these campaigns. "Everyone forgot about him," said Wolf Grigorievich, pointing to the grave. He probes with his fingers like a blind man and reads a long-vanished inscription. He also "read" the notes that the audience sent from the audience, without unfolding. Whatever a person thinks in any language, he hears. Holding in his hands some object belonging to a person, he could tell about the fate of its owner. In general, he could read everyone's life from beginning to end. I always wondered, "How do you know that a person is going to die?" He said that he saw a diamond shining cross above the head of this person.

I remember that he, entertaining me, drove the sparrows into an empty trap, in which there were not even crumbs. I pulled the stick and pulled out a live sparrow! He stopped the dogs with

a glance. In this story, you can only trust the statement that Messing loved and was good at finding mushrooms. It is likely that he became addicted to this activity in Poland, where there are many mushroom forests. However, in order to be a good mushroom picker, it is not necessary to have unique abilities. It is enough to know in what places, in what natural

telepathic

which mushrooms grow in the environment, and have great experience and the ability to distinguish them from stumps, branches, bushes, in moss and under fallen leaves. Telepathic abilities, on the other hand, could help in the search for mushrooms only if the mushrooms had intelligence and could think. But that only happens in science fiction novels.

As for the miraculous healing of the son of Egmont Lvovich, Messing could produce it only in one case - if it was a neurotic disease. But even in this case, the session could not be as brief as Egmont Lvovich describes it. And the fact that ordinary doctors prescribed a bunch of medicines to the patient suggests that it was about some kind of dangerous childhood illness, and not about neurosis.

Well, as for the case when the face of a telepath was suddenly imprinted against the background of the crowd on Kalininsky Prospekt, then only old Hottabych worked such miracles. It is a pity that Edgar Lvovich did not save a unique photograph in order to demonstrate it to gullible journalists. Although today it is not difficult to create something similar with the help of Photoshop. Miracles of the same kind include the story of Messing reading the erased inscription on the tombstone with his fingers. According to Zaffka,

Messing "was a pure atheist, he did not believe in God. Once I once talked with someone from the church, so he told me: "Oh, Slava, just never mention the name of Messing in our circle! Everything he does is the work of the devil." The Church, of course, does not recognize him...". However, this statement about Messing's atheism is refuted by the testimony of Lungina and other people who knew Messing well, as well as the fact that he read Kaddish on his wife's grave, which is captured in a famous photograph. But Messing's faith, of course, was Jewish, and of course he did not advertise it, because during his speeches he was forced to pretend to be an atheist, exposing religious superstitions from materialistic positions. Another thing is that people brought up in the Orthodox tradition, and even in Soviet conditions, Messing should have been perceived as an atheist, and part of the believers - almost as a messenger of the devil.

Master of psychological experiments, professor and academician Yuri Gorny, who worked in the same field as Messing, but never

who called himself a telepath, recalled: "I was personally acquainted with Wolf Messing and saw how he works. Wolf Grigorievich was set up for fair play, did not use any tricks and condemned those who gave out all kinds of tricks for telepathy. His program always consisted of three parts: to write a letter and hand it to the intended addressee, two arbitrary sketches with the performance of mental tasks, and a search in the hall for a fountain pen hidden by the public. Everything related to ideomotorics (unconscious movements), Wolf Messing did great. Like a very good psychologist, he chose a suggestible person from the audience, took him by the hand and repeated: "Think about what I have to do!" Volf Grigoryevich captured the thoughts of the inductor superbly. In addition, he had a brilliant intuition. But he couldn't read minds! The same Gorny first saw Messing on tour in

Semipalatinsk in the early 1970s and immediately decided to check the great magician and telepath. According to Gorny's memoirs, it happened as follows: "In the 1970s, having learned that Messing was giving performances in Semipalatinsk, I went there. But there were no more tickets - a full house. By chance, in a hotel, I ran into a star. I had the audacity to ask him to a concert, but he pretended not to understand. I took offense. There was even a little skirmish between us. But I wanted to go to the concert! And then I turned to the woman administrator, lying that I was their colleague from the Barnaul Philharmonic. I was missed. And Messing noticed me. And soon the administrator came up to me and asked what I was doing at the Philharmonic. I had to lie further - he said that I was a musician, I play the trumpet. I asked who was interested in me. The administrator said that messing. At the performance, I agreed in advance with several spectators so that one of them would go on stage and give

a task that I had developed in advance. Messing, holding the subject by the hand, had to go down from the stage into the hall, stomp his foot, point to the chandelier, then take a briefcase in one of the rows and get a book out of it. Hidden on a certain page was a sealed envelope containing a postcard with Picasso's Dove of Peace. Messing, having found the envelope and without opening it, had to say what was in it.

This task did not come about by accident. It was in three stages. The first is ideomotor acts: the ability to sense unconscious "body language," which I have mastered well myself. The second stage was to demonstrate Messing's ability to think logically. The third is a telepathy test. As I expected, the miracle did not happen. At the first stage, Messing showed excellent muscle sensitivity. The second stage went a little worse. When Messing did not know what to do, he began to defiantly get nervous. The audience lashed out at the guy: "Why don't you help Messing ?!"

The third stage, of course, did not work out for Messing. But the artist came out of the situation very beautifully. He threw away the student's hand and shouted that this assignment was excellent and should be shown to the Academy of Sciences. The people in the hall remained convinced that the instructions had been carried out and applauded admiringly. And I took a breath. It was confirmed that no telepathy exists and Messing - a great

artist - does not have such abilities. After the performance, Messing pierced again. Noticing me in the crowd, he said loudly: "Young man! I see that you are interested in my art. Please don't get carried away with this. This is not a craft. This is from God! Everything will be wonderful in your life, you will become a great musician, keep practicing your trumpet to your health!" And again those present were amazed at the insight of the master of telepathy: they did not know that I lied about participating in the orchestra. In fact, the

test of Messing's abilities, conducted by Yuri Gorny, proved only that Messing's abilities do not work when they deliberately want to deceive him. But even if we assume that Messing really had telepathic abilities, then if they tried to tell him, for example, the wrong year of birth of the inductor, then the latter should have had both real and fictitious dates in his thoughts, and in this case it is easy for a telepath it would be confusing. And in the same way, it would be difficult for him to expose Gorny's lie about the fact that he plays in an orchestra, and to guess that he is facing a colleague in the shop performing with psychological experiments. After all, both professions, true and false, must have been present in Gorny's thoughts at the same time. At that time, the fame of Gorny had not yet gone beyond the borders of Kazakhstan, and

there, obviously, it was still small, since he had to resort to deception in order to get a ticket to the Messing concert. As for the task with the "Dove of Peace" by Picasso, it cannot be argued that Messing completely failed him. He at least guessed that the hidden object belonged to the realm of beauty. It must also be borne in mind that Messing often felt that the inductor wanted to deceive him, and directly spoke about this to the audience, which further strengthened his credibility.

By the way, in another interview, Yuri Gorny claimed that his meeting with Messing took place not in the 1970s, but in October 1966, and the task was the same. Surely we are talking about the same episode with the check, but when exactly it took place, it is impossible to say with certainty. In the version from 1966, the episode with the check, according to Yuri Gorny, had a dramatic continuation, and then Messing spoke not to the audience of the Philharmonic, but to the students and staff of the Semipalatinsk Medical Institute. This version of Gorny's story reads as follows: "In October 1966, I tested Messing's telepathic abilities at the Semipalatinsk Medical Institute. Arriving in this city specifically to test his abilities, I decided to get acquainted with the maestro. He refused to communicate with me. I was forced to turn to the organizers of the performance, the employees of the local philharmonic society, in order to get to a public performance. The name introduced himself as a fellow musician playing in an ensemble. And they helped me. Such my aspiration interested Messing, and he asked them who this annoying young man was. They informed him, introducing me as a musician from the neighboring Barnaul Philharmonic. During Messing's speech, I asked the students to participate in the session, but with my task. My task was

divided by complexity into three stages. At the first stage, Messing had to demonstrate his ability of muscle sensitivity to the ideomotor acts of the participant in the experiment (viewer). The second stage is the demonstration of one's ability of logical thinking. And the third stage is the telepathic ability to identify an image that was known only to me. The task was as follows in content: go down to the auditorium, stop at row 3 and stomp your foot, go to row 10 and point to the chandelier, find a briefcase at the end of the hall, remove it from

him a book and open it on page 101. There, take the envelope and identify the symbol in it - the dove of peace by Picasso and say the phrase: "Peace to the world." As I expected, Messing brilliantly coped with the first stage, because he performed it with hand contact. The 2nd stage, where he demonstrated the art of analysis, passed satisfactorily, and the 3rd stage turned out to be absolutely impossible for Messing, since information could only be transmitted in the material shell of the word. Subsequently, I showed

these students a number of my complex studies. In particular, he identified the needle hidden in the building and the book conceived in the library, having found it, he stuck the needle into the word that they had conceived, without visual control and hand contact. We returned to the hall and went to the stage, where Wolf Messing was standing, surrounded by numerous fans. Seeing me, he said: "Young man! You don't have to get involved with it. It is given from God. Mind your own business and you will be a great musician." Then the young students could not

resist and told him that I had just shown an etude outside this hall, which was more difficult than those in his program. This caused wild anger among both Messing himself and the organizers. He canceled his next performances. But in some ways Messing was right. In 1975, I was preparing a performance on operational thinking, based on the functional asymmetry of the brain. And I learned to play the piano for the first time, but while playing the piano with my left hand, I write with my right hand and do 5-6 more Gnostic actions. It is unbearable for today, and even in the coming years, to do such balancing act for the greatest musicians. After 10 years, I was on tour in the same city, where I experimented with Messing. And it was at the medical institute that I was offered the task that I once offered Messing with the help of students. I understood this already at the first stage. Probably, the students, who have already become graduate students and scientists, remembered the task on which the famous Messing stumbled, deciding to "cut down" Yuri Gorny as well. Naturally, I did it without hand contact and without visual control absolutely correctly, which caused delight and questions about how I managed to do it. To which I slyly replied: "Ask our outstanding physicists A.I. Kitaygorodsky and V.L.

Ginzburg, my supporters in the fight against pseudoscience and mysticism. The most real phenomenon described in the experimental psychology is a mnemonist."

And Gorny also boasted to reporters: "The same tasks, only more difficult - without contact of hands, today I show on stage without any clairvoyance.

- Well, how can you find a hidden needle in a crowded room? - Well, firstly, by the time after which they

will call me to search, I already know where they managed to hide: in the front rows, middle or last. I'll stand in the center and ask: do you all remember where the needle lies? Some viewers will involuntarily turn their heads in that direction. Then I choose people to be inspired from the audience and watch their reaction. I have up to a hundred such "gadgets". Much depends on the audience: Chekists, for example, hook a needle somewhere on the lapel of the lapel. And the zeks will swallow it, drive their hands into the skin, into the shoe ... "

This version, presented by Yuri Gorny with obvious self-admiration, just does not inspire any confidence. It is designed to impress gullible readers with only one thing: how good Yuri Gorny is, who is excellent at reading ideomotor acts and honestly admits that this is not telepathy at all, and how bad Wolf Messing is, who casts a mystical fog on his art to convince gullible viewers,

that he is in fact a great telepath, and in reality can be easily exposed by a person familiar with the technique of reading ideomotor acts. Gorny, it turns out, is superior to Messing in everything: he reads ideomotorics without contact with the inductor's hand, and plays the piano masterfully, so Messing's prediction inadvertently comes true. It's just too hard to believe that Messing stopped performing due to one failure. Who would let him do this if the tickets for the concerts were probably already sold out with a full house! Even more categorical than Yuri Gorny was psychiatrist Mikhail Buyanov: "Cape Messingom often met because they lived in the neighborhood. As a psychiatrist, I saw that he was an ordinary buffoon who suffered from clinically pronounced pseudology (a

tendency to pathological deceit in order to elevate his own personality in the eyes of

surroundings). The "Memoirs" composed by Khvastunov came out nine years before the death of the "magician", and Messing could have corrected them, but did not. So, he persisted in lying. He also had compensatory fantasies - an attempt to get rid of the feelings of his inferiority. And a year before his death, numerous phobias appeared. Once he called me, complained that he was afraid to leave the house, he was afraid of the elevator, he was afraid that cars would crush him, his neighbors would poison him. I invited him to be treated with us. But he was afraid of psychiatrists and publicity. "The whole world will gloat that I have gone crazy," he explained. I suggested that he test his abilities with instruments. But he refused. "What is in me to study? he wondered. "I'm just an artist."

Much of what Mikhail Buyanov reports, to be honest, does not inspire confidence. As we have already seen, Khvastunov was a literary scribe, and by no means the initiator of the creation of Messing's memoirs, and all the errors contained in them do not belong to Khvastunov, but to Messing. And in the last year of his life, Messing could not be such a wreck as Buyanov describes him, since he performed almost until the very last day, including on long-distance tours to the Asian part of the USSR.

Tatyana Lungina claims that after the death of his wife, "sick people or those who considered themselves to be sick again began to turn to Messing, and in both cases he found the right "medicine" - suggestion with a word. I later witnessed numerous such healings." Here the words of a close friend of the magician can be trusted. But, undoubtedly, all the patients who turned to Messing suffered from neurosis, and they were affected by the power of suggestion, which Messing really possessed. In general, it is striking that although Messing was lonely, it seems that he did not suffer from his loneliness at all and did not let anyone into his inner world, even very close people. He loved to talk about himself, about his gift, including the obviously fantastic cases of meetings with great people and predictions of great historical events. But at the same time, he did not open his inner world to anyone, and even more so to people who were hostile to him. Wolf Grigorievich claimed that he could read the thoughts of other people. However, he did his best to prevent

others read his mind or even just guessed what he was thinking. He created the image of the great and mysterious Wolf Messing.

In his memoirs, Messing defined the meaning of his life in this way: "I feel tired and satisfied. The same satisfaction is felt by every working man who has finished his work and drinks, like me, his glass of tea. I gave people joy. I made them think... Argue... Now you can relax...» It is unlikely that Wolf Grigorievich had something else more significant in life than his psychological experiments. They were the only ones he truly lived for.

According to Lungina, not everything went smoothly in Messing's relationship with his sister-in-law, since "the sister of the late wife created a nervous atmosphere in the house, constantly repeating to Wolf Grigorievich that now all his life and worries should be focused on the grave of Aida Mikhailovna ... Iraida Mikhailovna fanned this cult deceased to monstrous proportions, requiring Messing to visit the cemetery daily. She herself went to her sister's grave every day. This could not but bring Wolf Grigorievich out of balance, and I felt sorry for him to the point of pain ... A year after her death, Aida Mikhailovna was erected a beautiful monument - a white marble bust of the deceased on a pedestal of black granite. A soft, kind smile froze on her lips forever. Visiting the cemetery, Messing often invited a familiar cantor to sing Kaddish at the grave." Let us add that he himself read Kaddish at the grave of Aida Mikhailovna. Journalist Vladimir Kucharyants recalled: "In the fall of 1974, while working at the

APN, at the request of the American weekly National Inquirer, I interviewed Wolf Messing. We talked for several hours. It so happened that I was the last journalist who spoke to him. But he never published records of conversations with him. Today, thirty years later, I am late again: much is already known about him. Except for one thing - my impression. And what I will keep silent about now: it concerned only me. Now that everything has already happened, I can appreciate the delicacy and caution with which Messing warned me. Didn't mean to scare. My future seemed to me like a win-win lottery. He knew it wasn't...

He did not like to go out, to go by public transport. Rarely answered the phone. Hiding in your

a small apartment on Herzen Street, he plunged headlong into books and articles about animals. Especially - about dolphins with their mysterious intelligence, the ability to come to the aid of drowning people, as if catching the impulses of their fear and despair. Messing was sure that they communicate telepathically, and dreamed of mentally "talking" with them. His other weakness is detectives. He swallowed them with the gullibility of a child, although the most exciting detective story could hardly be compared with his own life ... To

my question, does he fail to cope with the task, Messing replies: - Extremely rarely.

Difficulties arise with an illogical, absurd task. For example, one day, following a mental order, I went up to one of the spectators, removed the watch from his hand and, placing it on the floor, raised my foot above it. Then, turning to the audience, he apologized: "I cannot crush them, as required by the task. It's not my thing." But something even worse happened.

On tour in Perm, the task was extremely simple: to find a certain woman in the hall, get a passport from her bag and say her name from the stage. He did it easily. Suddenly, a photograph fell out of the passport. Messing picked her up, smiled: "What a handsome officer. Just a boy!"

Suddenly a spasm contorted his face. He screamed. Grabbed for heart. Instantly gave the curtain ...

"I saw how at the moment when I looked at his photo, the boy was killed," Messing said. Less than a month later, the woman received a funeral from the front. The day of her son's death exactly coincided with the moment of Messing's "vision" ...

- Volf Grigorievich, explain how you still catch other people's thoughts?

"The thoughts of other people are images to me. I don't hear as much as I see them. Some place, action, person. These images have both color and depth. As if you were remembering something, but ... not from your life. In Berlin, having discovered this ability in myself, I became very fond of wandering around the market. Where else will you meet so many different people! Where else can you be so imperceptibly attentive, if not in the crowd? I remember one couple wandering between the rows. They looked very depressed. Suddenly, a bright light flashed in my brain.

picture: sick girl in bed. I distinctly saw her pale face... Passing by this couple, I said aloud: "Don't worry. Your child will get better." They stopped dead in their

tracks. I don't know what expressed their faces more - fear, amazement or hope. It was then that I suddenly realized that thanks to this ability to hear the thoughts of others, I could help people. Especially for those who are in dire need of support.

Vladimir Kucharyants confirms that Messing was a reserved person, shunned the crowd, did not like to travel by public transport. However, this was characteristic of him not only in the last year of his life, but, according to the testimony of Khvastunov's children, at least from the beginning of the 1960s. And most likely, Messing had such caution shortly after he arrived in the USSR. Perhaps he felt that communication with the crowd for him, a man who grew up in another country, could be dangerous. After all, it is no coincidence that in the first years of his stay in the USSR he was arrested twice as a suspicious foreigner. In a country where almost every tenth was a sexot, one had to keep one's eyes open. The characteristic

of Messing's abilities reported by Kucharyants is very interesting. It turns out that Wolf Grigorievich caught other people's thoughts not in the form of sound texts (or inner voice), but in the form of visual images. These images, obviously, could be associated with any feelings, as well as with geometric concepts (figures or directions). That is probably why Messing could guess simple concepts, feelings, geometric images, could understand where a person would move in a moment. But he could not guess the texts containing at least a few words. At the same time, it should be noted that these simple concepts or movements could, in principle, be guessed by reading ideomotor acts, so the question of whether Messing actually has telepathic abilities remains open. Mikhail Golubkov told me how his mother, Valentina Golubkova, talked with Messing: "Mom recalled that Messing

would get excited, fall into a trance. In this state, he could read minds and predict the future. He could perceive time as space. Once, during a lunch break at the publishing house, Messing invited his mother to a restaurant. He is there

came into a specific state and began to try to care for her. He tried to attract the attention of people so that those present would recognize him. He took his mother by the hand, began to stroke her hand. But he did not interest her as a man. Mom was very beautiful, and he was, to put it mildly, outwardly not a very attractive man. Messing was probably flattered to demonstrate to others that he was caring for such a beautiful woman. And the mother could not offend Messing. She only repeated to herself: "How embarrassing, how unpleasant." Suddenly he withdrew his hand and said: "Thank you for your frankness." And here is another episode.

Messing and mom were sitting in the publishing house, in the room. They were separated by a table, so there was no direct bodily contact between them. It was about the son of one of the mother's acquaintances, who was then only four years old. He went into a trance state and said: "He is so big, big, he is very talented ... No, he is not talented, he is a genius ... I have to talk to him."

When this proposal was handed over to the boy's mother, she protested: "No, no, don't ..." She had a presentiment that it was impossible for a person to predict his fate. When the boy grew up, he regretfully told his mother: "Oh, mother, why didn't you let us meet!" The episode with

the trip to the restaurant is also captured in Mikhail Golubkov's novel "Miuskaya Square", where Valentina Alekseevna Golubkova served as the prototype for one of the heroines - the editor of the publishing house "Kul'tpolitprosvet" Antonina Gracheva: "Tonya saw this man for the first time - small in stature, even small, with thick black graying hair, with a large thin nose of the correct form, with sharp mimic wrinkles crossing the cheeks from the nose to the corners of the mouth. The manner of bringing his hand to his face when he speaks, to his chin, as if all the time in some kind of amazement, and in every word - delight or horror ... Black inflamed eyes, then tired, then suddenly incredibly bright and literally searching the interlocutor. And now they sparkled, caught fire, and it's simply impossible to refuse dinner, - Messing jumped up, ran to the pen of the editorial room, where the coats hung, grabbed Tonino, lifted him by the shoulders, serving the lady. But to be honest, I still didn't really want to go:

show up at a restaurant with this grandpa who's also a head shorter? And some kind of all so strange, and not a companion for a restaurant, honestly ... However, the

coat itself was already put on in some incomprehensible way, here is the publishing corridor with an insidious step, and then a gentle descent that makes you add a step, then run, and now already frosty March air and evening frost, and you have to hold on hand in order not to fall, however, it is not quite clear who is holding whom ... A strange couple -

a slender young woman in an elegant fitted coat of green soft rattan and a beret in the same color, from under which dark blond thick hair was mischievously knocked out, and an elderly man, disheveled, without a hat, excited, wildly gesturing with his free hand and talking loudly, in a black drapery jacket, unbuttoned, with a silk scarf that was poking out, passed the Sapunov passage, turned left, ran into Red Square, deserted and blown by prickly earthy gusts, then to the right, went down past the house where the imprisoned Radishchev spent his nights, anticipating a journey from Moscow to Siberia, passed by the Resurrection Gate, stored by some kind of Moscow genetic memory and seemingly even visible in the flickering flickering light of a swinging lantern, and ended up on Manezhnaya - right in front of the Moskva Hotel ... All this is a passage through the frosty streets, a strange satellite, a restaurant hall that immediately filled with noise and cigarette

smoke and reminded either a train station or a metro station "Mayakovskaya", and the similarity was emphasized by columns, mosaics on the ceiling, red and light marble walls and floors, only massive white stucco, tables with snow-white tablecloths and an orchestra on a distant stage determined some difference - all this deprived the evening of reality and resembled a sudden movement into through the looking glass, as in a modern fairy tale with a well-defined social conflict, just handed over by a young author to the editorial office of children's literature ...

It immediately became clear that Volf Grigorievich was very, very well versed in the menu, printed on magnificent satin paper in large square type, reminiscent of

Slavic connection. And suddenly all the awkwardness disappeared: Tonya found an excuse for herself - even in the face of the head waiter, who looked at them from the top of the social and restaurant hierarchy. Well, actually, it's not so absurd to go to a restaurant with the author. In the end, Boris Alexandrovich solves all issues in this way. And he decides well! And we have a lot of questions for Wolf Grigorievich. Let him tell you why he turned down the three lithographers that Bob offered him? A? Why? He can't write himself, but he refuses to help! And why did he seem to agree to her candidacy? Why all of a sudden such trust? Will he sign a contract with us? And realizing her role as a representative of a major Soviet publishing house, conducting difficult negotiations with the author of a very necessary book, Tonya felt a little more confident in this huge noisy smoky hall with ten-meter mosaic ceilings.

Messing made an order - and somehow wilted, calmed down, tired. Soon they brought an appetizer - eggs cut in half with red and black caviar instead of the taken out yolk, porcini salted mushrooms and pickled apples, parsley, celery, dill, pickles - just a little and very exquisite. Just as strict as the head waiter, the waiter immediately opened a bottle of white Georgian wine, poured quite a bit into Messing's glass. He tried without any interest and nodded. The waiter filled both glasses and left with dignity. They did a throat. - Volf Grigorievich, and you allow me a question? Why did you refuse the

recorders that the publishing house offered you before? "Very simple, Tonya. You probably understand this strange feature of mine - sometimes I know

the thoughts of other people, even if I don't want to. I just know that's all. — Do you hear them? Or see some images? Or are you reading

how about the book?

- No. I just know that's all. I don't hear, I just know. I can't explain it. Even to yourself, and not just to someone else... And it can be very difficult to live with this. You won't believe it, but it's true. For example, I am not married. And I'm afraid it's for this very reason. And what about those journalists?

- Nothing. They didn't look at me the way I would have liked. One immediately began to think how he could earn a lot of money from me. A lot, and nothing else interested him. How can he use me for this, having made friends with me a lot. And the second one was even better - he looked at me like I was at a monkey who was given a strange gift, but she does not know what to do with it, and goes on tour, as if in a traveling circus. And I began to think about whether he should become my entrepreneur. The third one really wanted to open my skull and see what and how it works. Or, in the most extreme case, to hand over for experiments to the Institute of Neurosurgery. It turns out there is one. I even know where. Somewhere in the Yamsky-Tver lanes. So, this third one turned out to be a great supporter of science. Tonya, how can I work with such people if I don't want to be material for science? After my death - please, study as much as you like, what experiments you want, but while I'm still living in this world - thank you! Have mercy! No experience. What do you think, I'm not a rabbit or Pavlov's dog!

"And... that young journalist?" Well, with whom we are today seen each other? How did he seem to you?

- Not sure. I don't know ... - Messing thought, raised his left hand to his chin, for a moment his eyes turned somewhere into another reality, as if he had returned a couple of hours ago, the muscles of his face tensed, the folds became even more rigid. His hand sank into his hair, his fingers tucked somewhere behind his ear, as if there was a radio dial he was trying to tune to the right wave. - I am not sure, let see what will happen. I think he just likes me. Just as a person ... And I like him too. He doesn't want money or experience. In my opinion, this is how a writer should be. Well, I can still tell him a lot of very interesting things! And you too, Tonya! After all, I saw many very interesting and very great people of the world! - Messing was worried, and Tonya noticed how his accent intensified, either Jewish or Polish, when a new wave replaces the emotional decline. For example, I saw Einstein! Just like I see you. And Sigmund Freud! Do you know who Freud is? No? Oh, this is a man who found such terrible things in our heads that it would be better not to look. Moreover, I don't want to talk about these things with such a beautiful

and a charming woman! Moreover, no one knows if they really exist. So, Freud always went around in a black frock coat and with an umbrella. Do you know Einstein? Yes of course. Well, Einstein let me pluck three hairs out of his mustache! Three hairs! I buried them for quite a long time at home, but then I lost them, it seems, in America ... And Einstein also played the violin quite tolerably, and Freud asked him about it when I came to Einstein, and at that time Freud was already visiting him ... A Russian

ear arrived in clay pots, but Messing did not pay the slightest attention to this, carried away by the past, and Tonya was surprised that meetings with such people were strangely connected in his mind not with conversation, not with communication that could strike with exclusivity or, on the contrary, mediocrity, but seemingly with completely empty details: plucked hairs from a mustache, a black tailcoat, an indispensable umbrella. And Volf Grigoryevich became more and more carried away, he moved closer to Tonya, stroked her arm from palm to elbow, shook it from time to time, spoke loudly, and everyday details associated with great people were piled one on top of the other ... The waitress, just as inaccessible, like her predecessor, put a bread plate with ruddy buns on the table, and her hand somehow awkwardly collided with Messing's gesticulating hand, the plate fell on the table, did not break, rang, the buns rolled on the snow-white tablecloth. The waitress could not hide the arrogant irritation that manifested itself in a pose, in a grimace, in reluctance with which, squeezing out "I'm sorry", she began to correct either her own mistake, or the visitor, but he did not notice this either, the ringing of the plate only turned his attention is on the waitress. — Did you recognize me? - he asked. - I'm Wolf Messing! Did you

know? The waitress shrugged, tidied up her bread plate, and walked away, haughty and not condescending to recognition. Messing was taken aback. — Did you recognize me? he said louder, addressing the people at nearby tables. - I'm Wolf Messing! Do you recognize me? Have you seen my sessions? My psychological experiences? Did you know? At the neighboring tables, conversations subsided, only one

completely drunken colonel with epaulettes resembling a half-chewed

sandwich, continued muttering something monotonously to his ruddy-cheeked young neighbor, strangled to death by a narrow gray tie. Several eyes watched with interest the strange scene, so far not dangerous, not threatening a brawl, but who knows ... And from the strange proximity of this man, who continues to stroke his hand, and from the attention of casual onlookers, idle, indifferent, tipsy, Tonya wanted to disappear, disappear from this smoky station, pretending to be a restaurant, God, how unpleasant it would be now either at home, or at worst in a publishing house, in an editorial room, from where they suddenly so unexpectedly broke and ended up here. How unpleasant, and everyone is watching, and this old man ... Suddenly Messing pulled his hand

away, straightened up in his chair, recovering from the excitement that had attacked him, pulled away from his companion and, looking straight into his eyes, said:

- Thank you for your frankness! - For some time he sat up straight, took a spoon and began to eat. - The journalist you introduced to me today is distinguished by the same frankness. That is why I will work with you. And I'm ready to conclude an agreement - how do you do it there? Bon appetit! The ear is excellent!" There is

no doubt that Messing's conversation with Tonya Gracheva basically reproduces the content of Messing's conversations with Valentina Golubkova and Mikhail Khvastunov. But there is an amusing anachronism here. The action of the third part of the novel, called "Solar Activity in March", where the meeting of Antonina and Messing takes place, is dated to 1952. The real meeting of Valentina Golubkova with Messing took place only in 1964, when the telepath had already been widowed.

At the end of the novel, Messing uses his gift of clairvoyance and suggestion from a distance to prevent Tonya from coming to the publishing house, where a maniac with a scalpel is supposed to appear to cut off the head

of the editor-in-chief. According to Golubkov's memoirs, his father, Mikhail Khvastunov, who believed that Messing really had a unique gift, "hoped to fix it experimentally, suggested that experts experiment with him. However, Volf Grigorievich categorically did not want to be experimented with, and rejected

all suggestions of Mikhail Vasilyevich. On this basis, a quarrel occurred between them. Messing said that after death he bequeaths his brain to science. But studies of his brain found nothing unique about him." There were and there

are many legends that Messing helped solve the most high-profile crimes, including murder and theft. These stories came from the memoirs of Messing himself and were eagerly picked up by his enthusiastic admirers. However, upon closer examination, it turns out that the point here is not clairvoyance or telepathy, but the magical influence on the suspects of the crime of the very name of Messing. So, Tatyana Lungina recalled: "Two hours before my arrival, the director of one of the largest Moscow department stores calls Messing, whom Wolf Grigorievich has never seen in his eyes. But he seems to be his ardent admirer, who does not miss a single Messing performance, and warmly and excitedly thanks him for his great help - preventing a major theft in his store. He asks to come and receive the remuneration due to him - a personal gift from the director. With his inherent sense of humor, Messing answers in the spirit that, they say, the day of April Fools' jokes is still far away, and he has never been on the staff of the Criminal Investigation Department at the famous Petrovka, 38.

Then the stranger - the director - initiates him into all the details of the detective adventure he has done, in which the name "Messing" worked hypnotically and flawlessly. A few minutes

before the arrival of the collectors, all departments of the department store handed over their daily proceeds to the chief accountant, whose desk huddled against the wall of the service aisle. Having prepared bags of money for change, he turned away for a second to turn off the kettle that was boiling on the electric stove. And in the blink of an eye, someone pulled off one bag. One thing was absolutely obvious: one of his employees had committed the theft, because only employees of the department store could walk along that service aisle. But the huge four-story store had several hundred employees, and dozens of them scurried around in those minutes before the end of work along the service corridor. Suspicion could fall on anyone: from a cleaner to the head of any of the forty sections.

The accountant, neither alive nor dead, reported the loss to the director on the internal phone. We must pay tribute to the resourcefulness of the latter. Indeed, not just an intelligent tradesman, but a real Sherlock Holmes could come out of him. He immediately realized: a minute had passed since the theft, the accountant's office was on the fourth floor. During such a period of time, the worst - the removal of money outside the building - could not happen. Neither running up the stairs, nor even down the escalator, crowded at this hour with numerous buyers, no one would have had time to run out. This means that the money is with a thief or hidden in piles of goods.

And then the loudspeakers carried the words over the internal selector: "Citizens! A daring theft of a bag of money has just been committed in our department store. By a happy coincidence, among our customers was the well-known Wolf Messing. I have given the order to block all exits, including service ones. We have no right to search thousands of people, of whom only one is guilty. But, releasing all of you one by one, Wolf Messing will say goodbye to you by the hand ... I think there is no need to explain how all this will end for the kidnapper. Therefore, I suggest that the one who took, perhaps by mistake (?!), return the money immediately so that he remains beyond suspicion - if he wishes ... Five minutes later, the bag with

the money was found intact
and unharmed in the utility room on the third floor...

- You know, Tanya, - said Wolf Grigoryevich, having finished retelling this story, - what did I think just now? Shouldn't I invite this director to my program for the role of host? .. Huh? How do you think? You can't deny him his resourcefulness! The WTO will not make such advertising for

me either. And he laughed like a child
sincerely. Despite his reclusive nature, Messing made friends with many pop, theater and film stars. According to Lungina, Messing was closely acquainted with artists Yuri Nikulin, Evgeny Leonov, Arkady Raikin, singer Yuri Gulyaev, announcer Yuri Levitan. In the summer of 1967, Messing was

vacationing on the Volga with the Lungin family. According to Tatyana, "on hot days, he himself went to the nearest village, where, near the cemetery oak forest, near an abandoned

the mill beat a spring of delicious spring water. He scooped water and quenched his thirst in a primitive way, but for gourmet evening tea he also brought us a plastic can. There he met local peasants, became especially friends with a few, bought fresh milk from them, and asked old and experienced people about fortune-tellers or healers famous in their area in the past.

The villagers, in turn, fell in love with - as they would say in the old days - a strange gentleman, and a few days before our departure they gave him a genre sculpture carved from wood: a peasant sits on a barrel and drinks moonshine from a large mug. Messing himself was rather indifferent to alcohol, but if he already drank a glass or two, then cognac clearly preferred moonshine.

In September 1967, after the anniversary evening at the Central House of Medical Workers, the next day the informal celebration continued at the Praga restaurant on the Arbat. The fact is that the 65th anniversary of Wolf Grigorievich was for some reason postponed from 1964 to 1966. On January 19, a jubilee evening was held at the Central House of Medical Workers, which was attended, as they say, by "all of Moscow". The next day, Messing rented the entire luxurious Red Hall with mirrors at the Praga restaurant on the Arbat, where he gave a grand banquet. Luckily, funds allowed. Among the guests were academicians Pyotr Rebinder and Iosif Kassirsky, writer Leonid Leonov, son of the "all-Union headman" Kalinin Alexander Mikhailovich, editor-in-chief of the journal "Science and Religion" Vladimir Mezentsev, professors of Moscow State

University. Tatyana Lungina claimed: "The evening passed then in a relaxed atmosphere, jokes alternated with toasts, laughter did not stop. The waiters of the restaurant were also satisfied. They had already lost interest in foreigners and major party officials, since the Praga restaurant had long become a favorite "hot spot" of the Moscow elite, but they had not yet served such a person ... By noon the day after the restaurant banquet, Iraida Mikhailovna called me and said that the ambulance took Wolf Grigoryevich in an extremely serious condition to the Botkin clinic. He's going to have an emergency operation."

Lungina's son Sasha, who worked on an ambulance in the hospital where Messing was put, explained that Messing had

purulent appendicitis, which erupted, causing purulent diffuse peritonitis. Well, a hearty meal in "Prague" could well provoke an exacerbation of appendicitis.

Tatyana Lungina recalled: "He met me with a

weak smile, and when I leaned over and kissed him on the forehead, I realized how hard it was for him to smile: the heat was at least 40 degrees. He behaved well, he did not complain about anything, he only breathed heavily and intermittently. In his ward was still a young guy, of a heroic build, with a beard, like Hemingway. He seemed to have come here by mistake. Messing caught my eye in the direction of the big man, beckoned to him with his finger and whispered softly in my ear: "Taibole, these damn doctors, apparently, they think that I'm baked, ready ... No, nevermind them! Do you see this big guy? Sorry guy - counting the last days. And outwardly, after all - no-no!

On my second visit, Volf Grigoryevich asked, if possible, to get and bring black caviar. He had no appetite for anything else. I had to travel literally all over Moscow.

Nevertheless, in one of the small remote restaurants I managed to get forty grams. She immediately hurried to take the "precious" hotel to the clinic. They missed this time as well, and Volf Grigoryevich was indescribably happy with both me and the caviar. Now the smile is without stretch, and I see that things are on the mend. And the young strong man was no longer in the ward ... He died. In

addition to me, Messing was regularly visited by the host -

Valentina Ivanovskaya. She tried to show maximum patience not only to Wolf Grigorievich, but also to the whims of Iraida Mikhailovna, which was

not easy.

Surrounded by attention and constant care, Messing quickly recovered, and after a few weeks it was considered possible to discharge him from the clinic. Only at home for some time a semi-hospital regime was required. In the end, this threat passed, and Messing met his next birthday in good health. After that, all subsequent birthdays of Messing were organized by Tatyana Lungina. She

recalled: "One day they decided to celebrate a birthday in the restaurant of the Sovetskaya Hotel,

which was once called "Yar". In the concert hall of this hotel, Wolf Grigorievich always liked to perform. At that

time, medical luminaries came again: Professor A. A. Vishnevsky, Krakovsky and others, there is no need to list everyone - he enjoyed universal love. The date was

"solid" and honorable - the 70th anniversary! I

ordered a huge cake for this occasion and barely placed it in it.

70 candles, but I did everything secretly, I wanted to surprise Messing.

The guests solemnly sat down at the table, uncorked the champagne, the lights suddenly went out. Wolf Grigorievich had only managed to mutter his traditional "disgrace, you'll get it!", when I swam out of the darkness and handed him a cake, lit by flickering candle lights.

Messing broke into a smile and touched me kissed. Strong in spirit, he was weak for ordinary and small pleasures. Messing successfully coped with purulent

appendicitis, but arthritis pestered him more and more. He himself told others that he acquired it when he jumped from the second floor of the Gestapo building in Warsaw. And many believed in this legend. Yes, many

Almost all.

Lungina recalled: "Wolf Grigorievich, whose legs hurt for a long time, especially when walking, endured pain as long as possible. Having lost all ability to control himself, he was forced to turn to a doctor - to his friend Professor Alexander Alexandrovich Vishnevsky. Colonel-General of the Medical Service and Director of the Institute of Surgery Vishnevsky, without even doing complex analyzes, at the first examination, he accurately diagnosed obliterating endarteritis of both lower extremities and immediately hospitalized Wolf Grigorievich. He put him in an institute where he worked himself. On my first visit, I found Messing saddened by the diagnosis. He was given painkillers and banned from

smoking forever. He did not take the latter seriously, although it was the smoke in this situation that was his worst enemy ... Alexander Alexandrovich invited me to the table. He said that Wolf Grigorievich's affairs were unimportant. That in the lower

extremities there is poor blood circulation, due to the fact that sclerotic plaques

close the vessel that he will apply conservative treatment to facilitate and stop the process. But since Volf Grigorievich smokes, and a lot, he fears the progression of the disease, which can result in gangrene of one or even both legs, and, consequently, their amputation!

- Volf Grigoryevich promises me to quit smoking, but so far he has not fulfilled his promises, and I, an old fool (at the same time Vishnevsky hit himself on the forehead) believe him every time and ... Not letting him finish, Seryozha intervened (Indian

starling. - B.S.): — Fool, old

fool! And such abuse rained down ... Not every drunkard could say such a thing in front of a woman. "Yes," I thought, "this is the fruit of enlightenment." The professor himself was to blame. He swore obscenely even during operations. Seryozha, being constantly in the office, very quickly learned this "language" and used it where necessary and not necessary. Messing on this occasion said to Lungina: "Look how many years I have been living among the Russians, and have not yet mastered their language, and Seryozha turned out to be more

capable." By the way, no one has ever heard Messing swear. Lungina began working at the Institute of Cardiovascular Surgery. Bakulev of the Academy of Sciences in an administrative position. She recalled: "At the main entrance stood a whole cavalcade of black Chaika limousines, accompanying the ambulance in which our patient arrived. It turned out to be General Colonel Zhukovsky, commander of the air forces of the Belarusian Military District, an old friend of Messing.

He was diagnosed with a severe heart attack with a hole in the heart septum, and few people doubted his death. The treatment of such an ailment in an operative way has never been carried out not only in our institute, but also in other clinics. Only the director of the institute, Professor

Burakovsky, had the right to operate on such a high-ranking patient. He expressed fear that the operation would only hasten the end. But doing nothing urgently is a fatal waste of time. Created

ticklish situation. Only after the order "from above" - to operate - Burakovsky could make a final decision.

In these anxious moments, my secretary comes up to me and says that Messing called and asked to contact him urgently. I call him back. - Taibole, tell your

boss to start immediately operations. This is my friend, and I advise you not to waste a second!

I talk about Burakovsky's hesitation, but Messing interrupts me: - Everything will

end well, it will heal like a dog. And your boss will be presented with an award. So tell him. In the end, seeing no other

solution, Burakovsky agreed to the operation, counting only on a miracle. The hours-long operation has

ended, the first critical days have passed, and now Zhukovsky is being transferred to the Burdenko clinic for aftercare - all danger has passed. But only recently it was possible to order mourning wreaths! And do not call Messing on time - delay is like death ... Immediately, in hot pursuit, his prediction about Burakovsky's career was also confirmed. He was awarded the title of Corresponding Member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR and awarded the order for a successful operation, carried out for the first time in the country ...

... When I asked after the successful outcome of the operation: did he take risks with General Zhukovsky, advising an immediate operation, Messing replied: - I didn't

even think about it. It's just that a chain appeared in the mind - "operation" - "Zhukovsky" - "Life". And that's all." I

will add that we know about this miracle only from the words of Tatyana Lungina. This episode was not included in Messing's memoirs, as it happened later than their completion. Colonel General Sergei Yakovlevich Zhukovsky survived Messing for six years. He died on November 10, 1980. And the surgeon Vladimir Ivanovich Burakovsky even lived to see the publication of Lungina's memoirs. He died on September 22, 1994 in Moscow at the age of 72 and, theoretically, had the opportunity to get acquainted with her book. True, it is not known whether this actually happened. But, characteristically, it is not clear from Lungina's memoirs whether she informed Burakovsky about Messing's call imm

to proceed with the operation, or Vladimir Ivanovich himself came to such a decision. If the latter is true, then Tatyana might have thought that Messing telepathically conveyed to him the belief in the need to operate on the general immediately.

Journalist and writer Rem Shcherbakov, who was a member of the "Club of the Curious" founded by Mikhail Khvastunov and became the scientific editor of Wolf Messing's book "I am a telepath", which was the full version of Messing's memoirs recorded by Khvastunov, recalled: "Wolf Grigorievich liked to call himself an artist. There was indeed a lot of artistic in his appearance. A sharply defined profile and long hair falling to the shoulders made one recall a portrait of Paganini. And yet, the performance lacked the main artistic feature - lightness. The wrinkles on Messing's face gathered into deep folds, sweat appeared on his forehead, his hands were visibly trembling. He was nervous, angry, demanded concentration from the "inductor". It seemed that the artist was doing a difficult, not very favorite job, and the viewer became uncomfortable in front of an elderly man who had to strain so much. " Rem Shcherbakov also told how Messing

and Khvastunov wrote the book memoirs: "Mikhail Vasilyevich worked assertively and selflessly. So at first, Wolf Grigorievich had to often visit Begovaya Street" on duty ", and then he got used to and became attached to our youth company, which was going to discuss something at Mihvas, to note or just to fray ". However, in this case, Rem Leonidovich was mistaken. We already know that in reality Messing's memoirs were not written in Khvastunov's apartment on Begovaya, but at his dacha in Barybin. According to Shcherbakov, Messing "lived in his own world, got used to it

and did not find it necessary to educate or educate someone. An attempt at a solution outlined in this book belongs, most likely, to a lithographer - Mihvas. Messing was not inclined to theorizing. He was a concrete, grounded and completely devoid of fantasy. In his own words, he was "sick for accuracy." If Volf Grigoryevich promised to be at seven o'clock, then by ringing at the door it was possible to set the clock. All these human qualities make one treat his stories with full confidence, no matter how amazing they may look.

Here Shcherbakov, who was undoubtedly strongly impressed by the gift of Messing, is inclined to uncritically trust the stories of Wolf Grigorievich about himself and the miracles he allegedly performed. But Messing's character traits, it seems, he conveyed quite accurately. Here and almost painful pedantry, here and the lack of creative imagination and creativity in everything that was not connected with his unique gift, here and isolation in regard to personal life.

Messing explained his philosophy to Tatyana Lungina in this way: "But no matter how many centimeters high jump records grow from the Olympics to the Olympics, I don't think that the most outstanding athlete will ever overcome a height (without a pole), for example, more than five meters. There is a boundary, a barrier beyond which the body cannot cross. It's my opinion. The possibilities of the spirit are endless, but as long as the spirit is enclosed in its bodily shell, there will always be something unknowable..."

And Messing also talked about one of the most famous rock gardens - the so-called garden of fifteen stones of the Ryoanji temple in Kyoto, created, according to legend, in 1499 by master Soami, which he allegedly saw during a trip to Japan: "What food for thought can give a public park? Well, there are all sorts of beauties of design: fancy flower beds, well-groomed alleys, cascades of fountains and allegorical sculptures. But all this is on the surface of our search for Meaning and Mystery. These are just beautiful scenery - attributes of culture, its props.

Walking through such a garden, you can be touched, but not plunge into a state of deep meditation. But the

Japanese managed to make the city park the abode of doom. And by right it is called the philosophical garden. Besides, everything is simple genius.

All of the stone is that "philosophical garden": both paths and a fence. And "trees". Here they are - the quintessence. "Trees" - the essence of sixteen stone blocks, with apparent randomness scattered around the garden. There are really sixteen of them, if, going from one to another, put down on each of its serial numbers. But no matter what stone you climb - visit each one, you see only fifteen, counting the one on which you are standing. The sixteenth is not visible from any position.

This, then, is the lot of a person in his desire to know the Truth: here, it seems, he holds it in his hands, but the essence cannot be grasped.

Maybe.

So, I think, is the case with occult mysteries, where everything is a blank spot.

Probably, either Messing himself, who has never been to Japan, or Lungina, who also, most likely, has not seen this country, made a mistake here. Indeed, in this famous garden, not the sixteenth, but the fifteenth stone is not visible, which always turns out to be out of sight of the observer, blocked by other stones.

Messing attributed his gift and everything connected with it to the category of the fundamentally unknowable, comprehended only by faith, and therefore did not really strive to know his own phenomenal abilities. Here, once again, the question arises of what position Messing took in matters of the relationship between faith and knowledge.

Natalya Khvastunova recalled: "Did Messing believe? Then I did not ask this question. Outwardly, he did not show it, but it was impossible. He had to position himself as an atheist. In any case, if he had a faith, it was not Christian, but Jewish, as I can now only very carefully assume.

And she testifies: "I can't say that I was interested with Messing. I don't remember interesting conversations with him. Moreover, there were interesting conversations with other friends of my father - Yaroslav Golovanov, Rem Shcherbakov and others. For 2-3 years, Messing was a friend at home. Several times we were at their house, and they visited us on Begovaya all the time. Messing's wife was no longer alive then, he was with her sister Iraida ... "In this case, Natalya Mikhailovna's memories

coincide with the memories of Rem Shcherbakov, who wrote about Messing's earthiness and his lack of imagination. Natalya Khvastunova claims: "Father tried to check the episodes

of Messing's biography. They talked a lot about Hanussen and Lion Feuchtwanger's novel The Brothers Lautenzack. Messing said that the novel describes the mechanism of clairvoyance very accurately. Father wanted to find out from Messing: "How do you feel all this?" He persuaded Wolf Grigorievich to meet with scientists. Father's position was that this phenomenon should be studied. But messing

He avoided this topic in every possible way, although he did not directly refuse. He said, "I don't want to be a guinea pig." In the end, the quarrel between them arose precisely because of attempts to arrange meetings with scientists, although I am not sure that only because of this they quarreled. The father believed that, as a person, Messing had average abilities and capabilities, excluding his gift. This is not a very smart person, a lover of theatrical scenes, tricks, effects. Mikhail Golubkov also claimed: "Messing made an impression on his father as a not very smart person, although a

person of exceptional genius. He really had this gift - to read minds and predict the future. He never got rid of his Jewish accent for the rest of his life. Thus, people who knew Messing closely, but were not among his reckless admirers, noted his ordinary, not too high intellectual level. He was a wonderful artist, but the role of a thinker, a philosopher is clearly

didn't fit.

Natalya Khvastunova said in a conversation with me: "I remember that in our apartment, on Begovaya, the guests dispersed on New Year's Day 1966. Transport was no longer running, and everyone was worried about how they would get home. Messing reassured: do not worry, turn around the far corner of the house. In ten minutes, a taxi will drive up there and pick everyone up. And so it happened. True, only those who fit in a taxi left, and the rest of the guests had to walk. Messing had no doubt that he had unique telepathic abilities. My father had no doubts either. And I have no doubt.

Messing did not agree to an experimental test because he did not understand what was happening, and my father did not understand this either. I now think that his abilities do not come from above, but from below. From above, abilities are bestowed on saints, but Messing was not a saint, he was never baptized into Orthodoxy. And abilities from below are from the devil.

If we discard mysticism, then, as we have already indicated, Messing's gift could consist in increased sensitivity to ideomotor acts. It is also possible that he possessed hypnotic abilities, the gift of suggestion. But the power of suggestion had its limits, since the one who was subjected to

suggestion, I had to help Messing, otherwise I won't have any effect.

Natalya Mikhailovna recalled: "I was lazy and studied poorly, did not prepare lessons. Dad asked Messing to help me study well. First, dad asked me if I agreed that Messing would help me get rid of laziness. I easily agreed. After all, the need to do something was shifted to Messing. Messing was on tour and sent me a large letter, handwritten by himself, and not by his assistant Ivanovskaya. He wrote that he was ready to help me, but for this I had to start changing my attitude to learning from the very moment I received the letter, start doing my homework. Otherwise, he will not be able to help. I did not follow his recommendations and studied still badly. Messing said: "I don't curse anyone. If I curse anyone,

the force of the curse will be such that it will affect the person for the rest of his life. When Messing first came to "Wolf Grigorievich, visit us at home, dad asked him: please, in our house without devilry." It was also seriously. Sometimes Messing broke said with a smile, but down and began to predict, but on trifles. Father did not want telepathic or clairvoyant abilities to be demonstrated here. Messing was kind of ... no, not boring, but monotonous, or something ...

I remember that in the memoirs there was also a fifth chapter, unpublished, where it was said about clairvoyance. It seems to me that I read it in manuscript ...

When there was a reading of Messing's memoirs, which were originally called "I am Messing" (the name "I am a telepath" appeared later), I drew a portrait of Messing. I remember that a chapter was written about Messing's abilities as a clairvoyant. It was about predictions to Stalin. But I don't know her fate. Mikhail

Golubkov also said that it seemed to him that he had read this chapter in manuscript. But neither he nor Natalia Mikhailovna has the manuscript of the memoirs, and it has not been possible to find it. So the question of whether there was a "secret chapter" about clairvoyance in Messing's memoirs remains open. I still tend to believe that there was no such chapter. Firstly, data on predictions allegedly made by Messing are abundantly scattered throughout all the chapters of the book. Secondly, in

In 1990, when Messing's memoirs were first published in book form, there was virtually no censorship. And nothing prevented Khvastunov's heirs from publishing the "seditious" chapter. Here it must be said that Mikhail Mikhailovich Khvastunov bequeathed copyright only to his daughters, writing in his will that his sons are men and will make their way in life themselves. The eldest son Rurik was born on December 13, 1940 in Moscow, was a scientist and inventor, died in 2008. Khvastunov's daughters Natalya and Olga received a fee in 1990 as heirs. The book was published by Rem Shcherbakov, who wrote the preface to it. If at that moment there was a fifth chapter in the manuscript at the disposal of the publisher, he would certainly have published it. It remains to be assumed that either the fifth chapter on clairvoyance did not exist at all, or its text was destroyed during the life of Messing. I personally think the first version is correct. The memoirs did not include Messing's stories about

the crimes allegedly solved by him, which have come down to us in the memoirs of his friends. Lungina, according to Messing, describes the circumstances of one such case as follows: "At the very beginning of the fifties, the city of Kazan on the Volga was full of rumors for half a year about the mysterious murder of a young girl thrown off a bridge in the dead of night. Here is a classic example of a crime without a trace. The girl was of a fragile constitution, and it was not difficult to pick her up in her arms and throw her over the railing of the bridge in the blink of an eye. In the end, for no apparent reason, her former

beau was arrested many months later, although many witnesses testified at the trial that he had not met her for the past two years. But there were also those who, even at the time of their relationship, saw him many times on the bridge with a dead girl. The whole accusation was built on this,

and the guy was broken, perhaps from grief - the death of a once loved person, perhaps the investigation brutally suppressed him mentally, and he did not say anything intelligible in his defense, he only repeated one phrase: "This is not I..." During the process, which lasted more than a week,

Messing was in Kazan with his performances.

As usual, all city news and events are carried by ubiquitous and omniscient old women, so Messing learned about the controversial trial of the young murderer from the maid of a local hotel, a frequenter of open trials with a twist.

According to him, Messing went to one of the court sessions just like that, out of pure curiosity. And already before the break of the morning session, he realized that the accused was really not guilty of the death of his ex-girlfriend. At the same time, Messing intercepted someone's nerve impulses-memories associated with the last moment before the girl was thrown into the

water. Messing returned to the hotel on foot: during the walk, he knew how to concentrate and withdraw into himself - think everything over carefully, try to grab the tip of the riddle.

He thought something like this: it is known that the vast majority of murderers sooner or later are drawn to the scene of the crime. Legal practice knows thousands of examples of this. But in this case, the place as such does not exist, Messing was able to plunge into such psychological jungle! He explained it to me this way: what matters to the killer is not the place by the railing, from where he threw the victim into the water, but the very place where she died, that is, the place on the water. But this location is uncertain. So, perhaps the perpetrator will not come to "look" at the place of death of his victim. And Messing decided that he "intercepted" the thoughts of the real killer, who was in the courtroom - the place where the "frames" of his deed were played over and over again.

Now the task was to try to visually identify the "author" at tomorrow's meeting. And Messing had no doubt that he would appear at all meetings. first and one by one, gradually consider all incoming.

Alas, it was not possible to make any visual discovery, because psychologically no one has yet entered the band of mental memories.

But when the next interrogation of the defendant began, Messing again "heard" yesterday's "voice" - even more nervous and feverish. Now you need to "locate" the source ...

Messing sat for ten minutes with his eyes closed, almost plunging into a trance. And then he looked to his left at the extreme place at the aisle of the fifth row. A man of 24–27 years old was sitting there with a rolled up magazine “Ogonyok” in his hand. Messing had no more doubts: it was someone from whom nerve impulses emanated. And Volf Grigoryevich began to send him signals-orders: “GET UP, SAY THAT YOU ARE A KILLER!”

In response, the young man began to fidget barely noticeably in his chair, took out a pack of cigarettes and hid it again, began to examine the pictures in the magazine with feigned interest and immediately twisted it into a tube again. But more than that, apparently, he did not dare.

But it was enough for Messing that the object was precisely defined, that this person was extremely nervous, and it was possible to shake him. But how? Messing decided that some kind of push from the outside was needed here, corresponding to the psychological state of the killer.

The first break was announced. The man, straightening the magazine, put him on the seat as a sign that the seat is occupied.

And Wolf Grigoryevich knocked on the door of the court office and asked the secretary for a sheet of white paper and a red pencil, posing as the new supply manager of the administrative building. And that he needs to put a sign on the door of the dead-end smoking room, as visitors confuse it with the exit. And right there in the secretary's room he wrote out on a piece of paper in large letters: “NO EXIT...”

As you can see, to the sign, similar to those that hang in all institutions, he added a suggestive ellipsis. When the court session

resumed, Messing no longer delved into the speeches of the participants in the process, but began to continuously “bombard” his “ward” with a mental order: “GET UP, SAY THAT YOU ARE A KILLER”. When the second break approached, Messing was in no hurry to leave, but waited

until he was alone in the hall, went to the young man's chair and put a hint under the journal he left behind ... And only then he went to smoke his “Kazbek”. He did not return to the hall again, so as not to see the painful sight, but remained at the half-open door to make sure that the scheme had worked.

We didn't have to wait long, the audience was shocked by a heartbreaking cry: “It's me, I killed her!!!”

He was no longer interested in further events, and, satisfied that with his help justice would prevail, Messing went out into the street ... "In this regard, Lungina recalled the example of signs in the

London Underground, where instead of "There is no way out" on the recommendation of psychologists, signs were made "Exit from the other side", so as not to increase the number of suicides. N. N. Kitaev, who studied the phenomenon of messing from the

point of view of the possibility of using it to solve complex crimes, did not find any data on any crime in Kazan similar to the one described above. However, even if we assume that the case described by Lungina actually took place, it can be explained purely rationally, without resorting to the assumption of the existence of telepathy. Messing really could have been present at the trial of the murder of a girl, he could have assumed, with his intuition and ability to read ideomotorics, that the one who is suspected of murder is actually innocent. In this regard, Volf Grigoryevich could also assume that the real killer could be in the hall among the public. Again, with the help of reading ideomotor acts, he could also identify a suspicious young man, and then, suggesting to him that there was also an unknown witness to the crime in the hall, convince him to confess to his deed. In principle, Messing could practice this repeatedly. And if at least in one case such a technique was successful, it could give rise to rumors about the successful use of telepathy in solving crimes.

In the literary-artistic and near-scientific environment Messing was popular. Poems were even dedicated to him. The poet Robert Rozhdestvensky wrote:

... The bus kneads mud,
The Philharmonic bus runs through the
puddles. Wolf Messing is going to the concert to
the miners. Probably, they cannot live without
Messing... The clouds over the road lay
down, hung, Wolf
Messing rides, Radiant with calmness.

Miner's underground Underlying thoughts He will
begin, like seeds, to click now ... Let him
miraculously blow on everyone from the stage!
Guessing thoughts - is it all the same to him. But
let him not say out loud what
the miners are thinking.
Because there are a lot of women in the
hall ... And I, along with everyone, are
numb from miracles. Ahoy! Ooh! I can't believe my eyes...

Not God knows what verses, but Robert Rozhdestvensky was extremely popular in the 1960s among the intelligentsia, and the fact that Messing was reflected in his poems is one of the evidence that Wolf Grigorievich became an iconic figure of his time. But official recognition came to

Messing in a very dosed manner. The title of Honored Artist of the RSFSR was awarded to him only in 1971. And only in 1972, after the death of Iraida Mikhailovna, Wolf Grigoryevich received a two-room apartment on Herzen Street, in the house of employees of the Ministry of Culture. The story of getting this apartment was described by Tatyana Lungina: "In addition to adversity with poor health, Messing was also burdened by other everyday troubles and, above all, the housing issue. He still shared his one-room apartment with the housekeeper who lived with him after the death of Iraida Mikhailovna. And asking, begging the state for tolerable housing was not in the nature of Messing.

An employee of the Ministry of Culture, who favored Volf Grigoryevich, came to the rescue and arranged so that he was allowed to buy a two-room apartment on Herzen Street, in a house built for the employees of the ministry. "What about the bloody dozen?" I asked Messing

because he was to celebrate the housewarming party on the thirteenth floor.

"What the hell is my hobby!" I am familiar with the devils and I drink brotherhood! he joked. It is worth adding that it

was an elite cooperative house, and Messing handed over the money for the cooperative many years ago. Thus,

the last two years of his life, Messing lived in house 49 on Herzen Street (now Bolshaya Nikitskaya).

Vladimir Shahidzhanyan recalled: "Wolf Messing received me at a new apartment on Herzen Street. There are souvenir gifts, books on the desk... A book donated by the famous surgeon A. Vishnevsky, a volume of memoirs by Georgy Zhukov... In my presence,

Wolf Grigoryevich called several times. He arranged for someone to go to the clinic of Vladimir Burakovsky, who then headed the Institute of Cardiovascular Diseases (they were connected by personal friendship).

Egmont Mesin-Polyakov also left a description of Messing's last apartment: "I remember this two-room apartment of his on the 14th floor (Lungina claimed that it was on the 13th. However, she could have experienced an aberration of memory. After all, Tatyana Lvovna wrote her memoirs after four years life in America, where our first floor has no numbering, but is called the ground floor. Accordingly, our first floor in America is the second, and our fourteenth is the thirteenth. There was a wall in the room, on it was the caravel "Santa Maria" - someone gave it, a large white Cuban coral. A portrait embroidered by the artist Levitskaya - Brezhnev also had a portrait embroidered by her. There was a sculptural head of Messing, made by a girl from Kuibyshev. This sculpture was taken by Valentina Osipovna, the last host of Messing's Psychological Experiments.

Messing had a lot of acquaintances throughout the Union. He stayed with them, and then corresponded with some of them. A number of these people left their memories of the great telepath. Volf Grigoryevich met the Drozdov family in the late 1960s, when he toured the North of Russia. "Messing came to our mining town of Inta to perform, and in order to hide from annoying visitors, he settled outside the city in a dispensary, the head of which I worked," recalls Valentina Leonidovna Drozdova, who now lives in Belarus. - At first I was very skeptical, I did not want to get acquainted with him. After everything I heard about him, I was even afraid: someone else would read my thoughts! But his assistant Valentina Iosifovna came

Ivanovskaya ... "Wolf Grigorievich asks why you don't want to get to know him?" Well, what was there to do? ..

A thin, thin, gray-haired old man entered the office. He spoke Russian very poorly, so the assistant almost always spoke. It was evident that it was very difficult for him to walk. He leaned on the arm of his assistant all the time. In 1939, when escaping from a police station in occupied Poland, he had to jump from the second floor. Then he only injured his legs, but over the years the wounds made themselves felt. However incredible! When he spoke, he ran around the hall like a clockwork. During his experiments, the pain seemed to recede ... "It is quite possible that Messing had a strong ability for self-hypnosis, so that for the duration of his performances he managed not to notice the pain in his legs. Therefore, he could actively speak throughout the Union until the last days of his life.

Valentina Drozdova described a typical Messing concert: "The performances were always sold out. A commission was chosen from the auditorium - 5-6 people, they went up to the stage. All the rest could become "inductors", mentally transmitting tasks. First, the "inductors" wrote tasks in notes, handed them over to the commission, and then repeated everything written mentally, and at that moment Messing had to hold the "speaking" by the wrist. Volf Grigorievich always carried out what the "inductors" had planned exactly, down to the smallest detail. One of our

employees mentally asked him to come to a certain place in such and such a row. Take the purse from the woman sitting there, open it, get the candy and eat it. Messing did everything, only when he took out a candy, he said: "You wanted me to eat it, and I give it to you - eat it yourself!" Once a boy came on stage. Messing usually refused to work with children, but at that time he said: "I'll try." The boy forced him to go to another building and leave an autograph there in some notebook.

With one "inductor" he left and did not return for so long that we already began to worry. Finally, Messing returns, clutching something to his chest. He rises to the stage, takes his hands away - and a beautiful dove flies into the hall, and Volf Grigoryevich accompanies his flight with the words: "I love the world!" It turns out that he had to catch this pigeon in someone's dovecote on the roof!

Messing also acted as a healer, although here his capabilities were rather limited. In any case, he did not undertake to treat cancer or other complex diseases, although he always knew how to encourage the sick. According to Drozdova, her friend "was diagnosed with an oncological disease, she was in complete despair and wanted Messing to inspire her with indifference to life. After the concert, she approached him and, in order to somehow start a conversation, began to show her admiration. Wolf Grigoryevich did not listen to her and said: "Confess! You are not interested in my experiences, you are interested in your personal life. So, pay more attention to your husband!" But she really, because of her illness, became very capricious, often quarreled with her husband, who in fact sincerely sympathized with her. Of course, Messing did not inspire indifference to life.

But he really removed the headache for those who lined up for him after the concerts. Many more have asked for help in finding the missing. And he helped: looking at some thing of the missing person, he said when news could come from this person or he himself would appear. But it was always very difficult for him to report death.

He had a scent like a real bloodhound. He could find any thing by smell. Once we let him smell an ordinary ballpoint pen, then he left the hall, and at that time we hid the pen ... in the hair of one woman. You know, before they did such high hairstyles - "babette" ... Messing returned, walked around the hall quickly and breathed loudly and often, really, like a beast. Finally approached this woman, and she already shuddered. "Don't worry! I won't ruin your hair!" Volf Grigoryevich reassured him and carefully took out a pen...

Personally, I never wanted to be a participant in his experiments. It happened that he would only take my wrist, I immediately pulled my hand away: "Volf Grigorievich, you don't need to read my thoughts!" He rested at our house. He sat calmly, not taking off our pet, the toy terrier, from his arms, thinking about the people he had to meet.

Despite his considerable age by that time - under seventy - he was not left alone in any city "bride". He always laughed: "They want me to raise their children." their children at

he wasn't there. Maybe that's why he was very warm to our son. Eugene was

then in the 6th grade. Like a big boy, but he was very afraid to be alone at home. I was too shy to tell Messing about it. But he himself once said: "Let Zhenya come to my concert." After the concert, Wolf Grigoryevich asked his son to take him to the hotel. He returned completely happy: "Mom! He told me that I would graduate from a nautical school." I must say that the son always dreamed of becoming a sailor, like his father. I then laughed, I say, he just read your thoughts. But ... from that day on, Zhenya ceased to be afraid to stay at home alone, and later he really graduated with honors from the Leningrad Naval School. Then, having predicted the future profession, Messing made a reservation: "Then I won't tell you anything." Then we found out why. After a sailor and literally several years of successful work as a navigator on a ship, his son's life was very unsuccessful, and at the age of 45 he died. Of course, Wolf Grigorievich could not tell the boy all this ... He gave him his photograph with a magical caption: "Zhenya! My thoughts are always with you!" My son always carried this photo with him, and only after his death I took the picture.

Once Messing saw a small souvenir Tula samovar and greatly admired him. I gave him this samovar." And here is one of Messing's letters to Drozdov: "Dear Valentina Leonidovna and Vasily Nikolaevich! I am very sorry that I did not manage to talk to you on the phone when I was in Syktyvkar. The telephone operator mixed up the number. Well, there are failures in life. In any case, I carry in my soul the best memories of meeting you, of your hospitable, comfortable home, of your good sincere

attitude towards me.

Your gift stood on my table in Ukhta and Syktyvkar and reminded me of home, family, comfort.

I wish your home every well-being, your family - health and joy as much as possible. Your son - success in studies, both of you - success in work. I remember you, I think about you. Kiss you. Wolf Grigorievich.

I note right away that there is nothing unusual, except for the name of the author, in this there is no letter, as in all the letters of Messing known to us today.

A few months before his death, criminologists had a chance to test Messing's ability to solve crimes. N. N. Kitaev recalls: "In June 1974, V. Messing spoke with six sessions of "Psychological Experiments" in the city of Irkutsk. At that time, the author advised his friend, senior investigator of the Internal Affairs Directorate of the Irkutsk region N.P. Ermakov, to ensure the presence of Messing at the interrogation of the accused V.

The latter, being the director of a fruit and vegetable store, was accused of committing a major theft, but she categorically denied guilt, and there was little incriminating evidence. An employee of the BHSS Department of the Internal Affairs Directorate of the Irkutsk Region, who is responsible for the operational support of the investigation of the present case, arranged for V. Messing to appear in office No. 50 of the Department of Internal Affairs, where senior investigator N. P. Ermakov proceeded to the next interrogation of the arrested V. Messing did not interfere in the interrogation process, silently sat at another

table, he did not arouse any interest in the interrogated. V. continued to deny guilt. On the same day, the detective of the BHSS department, who invited Messing for interrogation and brought him back to the hotel, acquainted the investigator with his "certificate", drawn up, as he explained, after a conversation with Messing. The certificate stated that V. had spent a large sum of stolen money to buy furniture, which she then presented to her relatives. V.'s statement that she was allegedly ill during the period of interest to the investigation is false, and the submitted sick leave is fictitious. It was fabricated by doctor Ya., a friend of the accused. In fact, the accused V. during the period of imaginary illness traveled with her lover

rest south.

This certificate was filed in a secret file of operational records, and the investigator checked its contents and received an unexpected confirmation of this information. True, both the author and N.P. Ermakov were distrustful of the fact that in 30–40 minutes of being in the same office with V. Messing, he was able to learn so much information that cannot be explained by reading ideomotor acts. However, further investigation confirmed the theft.

money, and the purchase of furniture, and a fake sick leave, and a trip to the Crimea with a lover, again with funds stolen from a store. V. was sentenced to 6 years in prison, and doctor Ya. was also convicted for forging a sick leave certificate. Messing's

participation in this investigation was reflected in some publications. However, it must be

recognized that a subsequent thorough examination of this episode made it possible to reveal something

completely different ... Many years later, the author managed to find out that the operative officer of the UBKhSS, while compiling a "certificate" about "Messing's telepathic help", simply legendized before the investigator the receipt of undercover information regarding V., who told cellmates about her deeds ... In fact In fact, Wolf Messing did not read any thoughts of the interrogated V.. Thus, in this

case, we have only the use of the figure of Wolf Messing, around which a certain halo has already developed in the USSR, and not any real examples of the use of telepathy to expose criminals. The fact that Wolf Messing himself "exposed" her was supposed to psychologically break the suspect and help to use against her the information received from the intra-chamber "hen" as information allegedly received from a telepath. Kitaev cites an interesting document in his book - the calculation of the obligation

between Rosconcert and the Irkutsk Philharmonic, dated June 21, 1974. According to this document, the Irkutsk Philharmonic Society transferred 1085 rubles 76 kopecks to the Rosconcert for six concerts of V. G. Messing held in Irkutsk from June 15 to 22, 1974, at the rate of 180 rubles 96 kopecks per concert. The money was transferred in cash through a representative of Rosconcert. It is not known for sure whether all this fee went to Messing alone, or whether he also paid an assistant from this amount (however, it is possible that she received a separate fee of a much smaller size). If we assume that the amount indicated above is Messing's personal fee, then it is possible, albeit very approximately, to estimate his earnings. Volf Grigorievich could easily give 150-200 concerts a year, since the demand for his psychological experiments in the Soviet Union was very high. If

assume that concerts in the last decade of his life were paid on average at about the same level as in Irkutsk, then Messing's annual earnings could be 25-33 thousand rubles. It should also be taken into account that a significant part of the funds for the most popular performers, capable of collecting almost stadiums, was paid in "black cash", which could be no less than the legal fee, and sometimes significantly exceeded it.

With this in mind, Messing's real annual income could reach 50-66 thousand rubles. Of this amount, Wolf Grigorievich transferred some part for the maintenance of the orphanage. He himself hardly spent more than a thousand rubles a month on himself, Iraida Mikhailovna and Valentina Iosifovna, as well as on a housekeeper (after the death of Iraida Mikhailovna in 1972). It was very difficult to spend more in a country of real socialism, even if you had lunch and dinner every day in expensive restaurants and bought new clothes in hard currency Beryozki. Messing, judging by the reviews of those who knew him, did not have a large wardrobe, did not spend much on rags and furniture, especially since he received a more or less spacious apartment only two years before his death. He did not have a car, and the cooperative contribution could be up to 30-40 thousand rubles. Messing could save up to 50 thousand rubles a year. He transferred part of it to the orphanage, but even more, probably, settled on the book. All the earnings of the first half of the 1940s undoubtedly went to the construction of two aircraft for the front or were eaten up by the confiscation currency reform of 1947. But earnings from the late 1940s until his death in November 1974 could bring savings to Messing about a million rubles. However, this is probably the maximum estimate. It corresponds to the statements of a number of memoirists that about a million rubles remained on Messing's passbook after the death of the artist. Then about 200 thousand rubles could go to the maintenance of the orphanage and other charitable purposes. But there is other evidence, according to which Messing had only 100 thousand rubles left on his passbook after his death. If this particular amount is correct, then there can be two explanations for this: either Messing's income was an order of magnitude lower than we assumed, and in reality did not exceed an average of 10–15 thousand per year; or significant amounts, on the order of several hundred

thousand rubles, went to some charity projects unknown to us, ended up on other passbooks or were turned into diamonds and other jewelry. By the way, this document completely

refutes the allegations of some memoirists that Messing stopped his performances in 1972, two years before his death. In fact, back in June 1974, he not only performed, but flew with a week-long tour to distant Irkutsk. Messing's last performance took place in the autumn of 1974 at the Oktyabr cinema and concert hall in Moscow. In all likelihood, it took place in September and was dedicated to the 75th anniversary of the artist. In the last years of his life, arthritis caused Messing more and more concern. Lungina testifies that "it

became almost a regularity that with the advent of warmth and greenery, Wolf Grigorievich went to the hospital. So in the early spring of 1972, there was again a need to go for an annual examination and treatment at the Vishnevsky clinic. By this time, a tall, quite modern and comfortable annex had been built next to the old building. So this time Messing was easily given a separate room, and when I first visited him on the occasion of this sad housewarming, he, trying not to upset me, said that he did not feel sick during examination and treatment, but resting in a sanatorium. Alas, I well understood the price he paid for this outward cheerfulness. Chronic pain in the legs more and more bent him in the lower back, and bony, limp hands and a disheveled head complemented the painful appearance of Messing. But he did not show spiritual weakness, he was still touchingly happy about everything, like a child. There was no senile falling into childhood in this: this is how I met him

twenty years ago ...

Meanwhile, in the very life of Messing, there was less and less fun. The next spring, the same thing happened again: again the hospital room, in which he now spent most of his time, and walks were reduced. Therefore, this time he took more books than usual, especially those that he had not had time to read before.

"If the donors knew that I hadn't opened them yet," Volf Grigoryevich told me, showing two solid folios autographed by the authors.

Vishnevsky's "Diary of a Surgeon" had the following inscription: "To Wolf Grigoryevich Messing in good memory from the author - A. Vishnevsky, March 27, 1969."

The second book - "Thoughts and Heart" by Nikolai Amosov, the famous surgeon, talented publicist and essayist, had more touching dedicatory words: "To Wolf Grigorievich Messing as a sign of surprise and admiration for a miracle - Amosov, December 25, 1965." Separate chapters from these books had previously been

read aloud to him by Iraida Mikhailovna, and Messing himself, due to employment, did not reach their hands. And now he decided to fill the gap. Yes, in his position they were most welcome: good and wise books about the strength of the spirit and the frailty of the body.

He was always not only proud of his living friends, but also sacredly kept the memory of the departed. And then for some reason he said, showing those books:

- You see, I can't complain about the lack of friends ... They hang both at home and here. But I will die all alone ... ".

However, it must be noted that everything reported by Lungina must be treated with caution, especially in terms of chronology. So, according to her memoirs, it turns out that in 1973-1974 Messing almost did not leave Vishnevsky's clinic. She writes: "By the end of the summer of 1974, the crisis symptoms seemed to have passed, Messing was clearly on the mend, but with a prescription for complete rest." Meanwhile, as we remember, at the very beginning of the summer of 1974, in June, Messing had a successful week-long tour in Irkutsk, thousands of kilometers from Moscow.

According to Lungina, she returned to Moscow from Gagra in the late evening of October 30, 1974. And on the morning of the 31st, I woke up from a phone call: "The doctor of our institute, apologizing for the early call, said: "Your friend Volf

Grigorievich is with us ... He is very ill, and a difficult operation is ahead to replace the iliac and femoral arteries! .. And it must have happened that during my trip to Gagra

he managed to go on tour in Transcarpathia, when the last two years

every performance was given to him with great difficulty, I would even say, with flour. But it's emotions that speak in me, and he couldn't do otherwise ... (this is another proof that Messing toured literally until the last days of his life. - B.S.).

Now I myself called Alexander Davidovich, the head of the intensive care unit, to find out the details of what happened to Messing. He did not finish the tour to the end, hellish pain twisted him, and he, along with his host, flew to Moscow on the first flight. After examining Messing, the director of the institute, Professor Burakovsky, ordered immediate hospitalization. Half an hour later, an ambulance arrived for him. Valentina Iosifovna told me a very regrettable detail. When she escorted Volf Grigorievich by the arm to the car, he stopped halfway, looked sadly at his house and said with anguish: "I ... won't see him again ..." And unlike the previous, alas, frequent visits to the hospital, this time he led himself nervously, without his characteristic stoic

resignation to fate. What is this? Heavy foreboding? Perhaps he was also saddened by the fact that no one took the trouble to petition the higher authorities about his request: to call from the United States a medical team of the famous Dr. on the same occasion, President of the Academy of Sciences V. Keldysh. After all, unlike Keldysh, Volf Grigorievich volunteered to pay all the expenses himself, no matter what.

not worth it.

But it's good that my pet took over to operate on him.
Anatoly Vladimirovich Pokrovsky, a true virtuoso and sorcerer!..

Messing was on a controlled breath, but with his hands he still tried to portray something or express a request. And I realized that he wanted to smoke - that was the meaning of his gestures. Lord, even in this state he can not refuse this drug! The doctor, who was relentlessly on duty at Messing's bed, noticed and recognized me, greeted me with a nod, and then showed a thumbs up - they say, everything is fine! I myself saw that Volf Grigorievich's legs have a normal color, while with this disease, most often the legs turn blue, and the blue ones become easy prey for gangrene.

Well, pass it on again! Now he will get to the tobacco potion only through my corpse! The news, alas,

is disappointing. Already the duty officer of the first shift reports that Messing has atelectasis of the lung, or, in common language, a collapse of the lung tissue, but the doctors hope

bring him out of this state.

Hour by hour is not easier: in the afternoon the news is quite bad - Messing's kidneys refuse to work. And this is worse, acute renal failure threatens the body with self-poisoning. The only consolation was that I was informed about the relatively calm sleep of Wolf Grigorievich and an even pulse. However, this time, unfortunately, it did not work out.

November 8, 1974 at 23:00 Wolf Messing died in the hospital. Death was due to pulmonary edema after kidney failure. There is a legend that he knew about the cause, date and even the hour of his death a few years before his death. However, in the memoirs of his friends there is only a mention that, leaving his house during the last trip to the hospital, he sadly said that he was not destined to return here again.

Lungina cites the story of her son Sasha. He claimed that "technically, the operation by Pokrovsky was carried out brilliantly, most likely, the death occurred due to errors and poor care in the postoperative period. In any case, the highest vigilance had to be shown to the end, and not hope that the golden hands of the surgeon had already ensured success. The director of the institute was on vacation, and the staff of the institute did not have proper control.

Unfortunately, this is generally typical for medicine in the USSR and for surgery in particular: when the magnificent success of a wonderful, sometimes even brilliant doctor is nullified by inept nurses, unscrupulous nannies, a lack of necessary medicines and tools, malnutrition and many others. The case with Messing was no exception. Apparently, he foresaw this, and therefore asked to call

the famous American doctor Michael Debecki with a team of medical workers at his own expense. Statistics among patients operated on by Dr. Debeki: out of 100 - 93 have a successful outcome. But Messing's request was not granted ... ".

Mesin-Polyakov stated: "With the participation of Professor Krymov, Wolf's brain was removed and alcoholized. One of my comrades, who works in the police, told me that he saw Messing's brain at the Brain Institute, where he is stored along with the brains of Lenin and Stalin. It is worth noting that Messing's brain did not differ in size or structure from the brain of ordinary people. A short

message about the death of Wolf Grigorievich Messing appeared only in the newspaper Vechernyaya Moskva. On November 14, on the day of the funeral, a farewell to him was held at the Central House of Art

Workers. Lungin, as the closest person to Messing, was made his executor. She chose the burial place - next to Aida Mikhailovna at the Vostryakovsky cemetery. As soon as Messing died, passions began around his inheritance. Since Wolf Grigoryevich had no heirs, all property had to go to the state. But the state was by no means sure that all of Messing's property was in his two-room cooperative apartment, things stored there and a passbook. After all, Messing's income, in fact, no one knew. There were rumors about the richest collection of diamonds, as if he belonged. However, of all the things with diamonds, witnesses saw Messing only have a gold ring with a large diamond and a tie pin.

Lungina recalled how Messing's property was described: "Valentina Ivanovskaya called me and said that she had received a police summons demanding to come to the department. And a postscript that in the Messing case. A day later, I received the same "newsletter". But with a more specific explanation: as a witness when describing the property in the apartment of Wolf Grigorievich. Such police summonses cannot be ignored, because you will ask for a forced drive. At the appointed time, they "kindly" sent a car for me, and I went with them to Herzen Street. In addition to two representatives of the 1st notary's office in Moscow, Valentina Ivanovskaya was already there, to whom this mouse fuss around the "Messing case" also brought little joy. Lawyers drew up protocol forms and began a

meticulous inspection of the apartment. We proceeded to the locked, iron-bound old chest, once filled with

things of Aida Mikhailovna. And when they opened it, it was completely empty. Only at the bottom lay the yellowed pages of newspapers and under them a belt once sewn by me with two pockets: for securities and for a gold ring with a three-carat diamond, which Messing cherished very much, more like a kind of talisman than a value, and if he didn't put it on his hand, he still carried it with him: either on his chest or in a pocket. And a few more photos. The pocket for the ring was empty, and in the other they found savings books totaling a little over a million rubles in the old calculation, not counting the interest not taken over the past 10-15 years. In addition, there were 800 rubles in cash. No will was found in the

apartment, and we, his close friends, expressed our desire to use at least this amount of cash to build a monument. But even such a meager amount could not be obtained: the lawyers immediately explained that since Messing had no direct heirs, then, according to the law of the RSFSR, the money becomes the property of the state. As if it was not indebted to him for those huge sums that the concert performances of Wolf Grigorievich brought! After all, debt in payment is red, and what does the state care about these unfortunate kopecks! (Without waiting for 16 years for the establishment of a monument by the state, in 1990 Tatyana Lvovna Lungina flew from Los Angeles to Moscow and erected a monument at her own expense. - B.S.)

Finally, all this paperwork was over and we signed the protocol, breathing a sigh of relief - a mountain off our shoulders. But it was not there. In the days that followed, they began to call everyone in turn to the prosecutor's office, and even me to the infamous Lubyanka, which did not bode well.

Everyone was asked a stereotypical question, where did Messing's values \u200b\u200bgo (apparently, he meant the precious stones he brought from Poland) and, in particular, where his famous ring disappeared. As if it was going to be placed in the state treasury or a national museum. Moreover, every day the ring "added" in carat weight. A few days later I was called again and already asked about a 10-carat diamond. Perhaps someone believed that it was in the ring that the power of Messing was.

They searched the house of a female housekeeper who had recently lived in Messing's apartment, but they didn't find in her house the things that he really had: no expensive chandeliers, no antique porcelain, no crystal in silver by Faberge, or even numerous gifts which were given to him wholeheartedly. And they gave the most unexpected things, of which, perhaps, one could make a good museum exposition. Children's toys and handicrafts of craftsmen, paintings and embossing on metal, oriental hand-sewn robes, there were even sea shells and corals - from Far Eastern sailors. They were given by teachers and schoolchildren, workers, doctors, peasants, military men.

We were hinted that these values are very significant, but the investigation never got to the bottom of anything. And only the housekeeper had the keys to the apartment during the illness and after the death of Messing. It needed a live Messing to connect the missing links in the chain. But among the Lubyanka Sherlock Holmes gifted with telepathic there was no vision."

Note that more than a million rubles in the old calculation is more than 100 thousand rubles that were in circulation in 1961. But, since Lungina called money in the old calculation, it can be assumed that Messing started this book before the monetary reform of 1960 and subsequently did not replenish, but did not withdraw money from there either. Perhaps this was the amount that he kept, as they say, "for a rainy day." The amount, by Soviet standards, is solid, but I strongly doubt that it would be enough to pay for Professor DeBakey's operation, even if by some miracle Messing managed to convince statesmen to convert his rubles into dollars at a one-to-one rate. Here is a million rubles, perhaps, and would be enough, even if you give five rubles per dollar at the black market rate. But it is difficult to assume that in 1960-1974 Volf Grigorievich did not save anything for a passbook. After all, his income did not decrease at all. Therefore, it can be assumed that Messing had several more bearer books that he kept somewhere else. It is quite possible that Messing, anticipating the near end, moved the bulk of the money, jewelry and the most valuable things to one of the trusted persons. No diamonds were ever found in Messing's apartment, even his famous ring disappeared into oblivion.

Messing's confidant could be, first of all, his assistant Valentina Iosifovna Ivanovskaya, now deceased. However, no wealth was seen for her and her relatives. But she lived to see the era of market reforms, when it became possible to realize the available capital. And if the rumors about the hidden riches of Messing are true, then the great telepath must have had some confidant (or persons) who have not yet come to the attention of Messing's biographers, as well as those of his friends and acquaintances who left about him memories. Such an assumption seems to be quite legitimate, since Messing's biography is still known very fragmentary and any complete circle of his friends and acquaintances has not been defined.

The fact that the state was very closely interested in the legacy of Messing after his death is also evidenced by Natalya Mikhailovna Khvastunova. She told me how she was summoned to Lubyanka and asked about the fate of Messing's inheritance and especially his diamonds: "Once he called me to my father's office, where he settled down. He had an amulet around his neck, he took out a bag from it, and from the bag - a huge diamond, the size of a hazelnut. Ten years later, this case continued ... At the end of 1974 or at the beginning of 1975, when I worked as a junior editor in the magazine "In the World of Books", I was summoned to Lubyanka and interrogated about Messing's legacy. I told about the diamond that I saw then in the country. I realized that after the death of Messing there was no money or jewelry left. Since there were no heirs, the state expected to take everything into its own hands. And my investigator clearly did not know where everything had gone. Marina Podgorskaya, a relative of

Messing's host Valentina Ivanovskaya, worked as a junior editor in our editorial office. She, too, was summoned that day to the Lubyanka and was interrogated by another investigator. I didn't know about it. Both of us were kept until the evening, and then they arranged a confrontation between us. Marina was driven to hysterics, to tears. We were both shaking. But it worked out." Egmont Mesin-

Polyakov recalled that Messing "had a chest made of wood and leather. When I was little, I could lie on it. It contained all the things he needed, he

accompanied Wolf Grigorievich until the last days of his life. After the death of Messing, the chest remained with his neighbor ...

He had a favorite cigarette case. There was a wonderful gold Omega watch, the same one he gave to Kostya Kovalev during his visit to Novosibirsk. He was also very fond of smoking, and he had a pipe and tobacco. Moreover, if I'm not mistaken, Stalin gave him the pipe. And he took a puff with great pleasure ... I still have a lighter that Wolf gave me many years later, when I was already an adult and smoked myself. Gasoline, with the melody "Let's smoke, comrade, one at a time" ... ".

Egmont Lvovich also denied that after the death of Messing, a million rubles remained: "As far as I know, his fortune was more modest, although impressive - after his death, about 100 thousand rubles remained on his book. A lot of strange things happened to his things when Wolf passed away. Some have disappeared without a trace. What I was able to take and keep were photographs, a film about the transfer to Kostya Kovalev of an aircraft built in Novosibirsk with his money, some of the letters and correspondence. Papers that say that he contributed money for the plane. By the way, we must not forget that he presented two aircraft, including the Polish pilot - Yak-1 in 1944. Egmont

Lvovich insisted that the rumors about Messing's wealth are "greatly exaggerated. Yes, Volf Grigoryevich constantly transferred money to the orphanage in Tashkent, he bought himself a two-room apartment. After his death, not a million rubles remained on his account, as is commonly believed, but a hundred thousand ... (here they completely agree with Lungina, only she counts in "old" money, and he - in "new", post-reform ones. - B. S .). This man was a true hard worker - he worked to the last. And he was not afraid of anything - not the devil, not Beria. Perhaps fear appeared in his soul, but only in the last days of his life, already before the operation. He always foresaw the dangers that threatened him and tried to simply avoid them ...

In August 1974, I came to him to consult whether I should go on vacation - my superiors were against it. He told me not to worry and go. At this meeting, he suggested that I draw up a horoscope. But guess what, I refused. "If I know everything in advance, I probably won't be interested in life," I said. Now I'm sorry

about it. But then I asked Wolf Grigorievich to find my grandfather. The fact is that my grandfather, a Knight of St. George, went abroad during the retreat of the Wrangelites. I know that he was with Arkady Averchenko in Istanbul, then he apparently left for Paris. Grandmother, his wife, corresponded with him until the 30s, then the connection was interrupted. Messing promised me that after the operation that he was to undergo, he would find out everything in a state of catalepsy ...

But Messing did not leave the hospital. He died because of a trifle - apparently, the artificial respiration apparatus failed. I cried when he died. But still, he fulfilled his promise, no matter how mystical it may seem. Thirty years have passed, I once again came to the Vostryakovskoye cemetery, where he was buried. I invited the cantor to sing, put things in order, lit a candle, I stood there, and I felt so sad. "Wolf Grigorievich," I say, "you predicted everything to everyone, but you didn't tell me about my grandfather." Two days later I found myself in the Lenin Library, where I had not been for a very long time. There were bookshops selling books, and I went over to inquire. And suddenly I see - there are three black volumes: "Unforgotten graves. Russian Diaspora". I open one and find a message about my grandfather. He died on December 31, 1974 at Saint Joseph's Hospital in Paris, and is buried in the cemetery of Saint-Genevieve-des-Bois. After that I was in Paris, found a grave, paid for the rent of the place for 15 years in advance, visited the place where my

grandfather lived and died...". As for the amount of money remaining after Messing, it is difficult to judge, as we have already said. The statement of Mesin Polyakov, that Messing offered him to make a horoscope, seems incredible. Not only Messing himself, but no other memoirist says anything about the fact that the great telepath was engaged in astrology. On the contrary, Wolf Grigorievich in every possible way emphasized the scientific basis of his gift, and astrology has long been included in the category of pseudoscience not only in the USSR,

but throughout the world. The episode with Messing's "posthumous" clue is either fiction or conveys Egmont Lvovich's real conviction that it was Messing's visit to the grave that helped him discover data on the date of death and the grave of his ancestor in the multivolume Unforgotten Graves. However, even without a visit to the grave of Messing, this multivolume book should have caught the eye of Edgar Lvovich,

who would thus find out the fate of his grandfather, who, by the way, died just 53 days after Messing's death. And it is not clear why, then, Messing still did not tell Mesin Polyakov that his grandfather was alive.

If Messing did have some mysterious riches, then in the end they could end up in Israel. Lungina recalled: "Once Wolf Grigorievich was rereading a letter that he had previously received from Israel. He retold its content to us - about the life there. The turn of the 70s had just come, and already the first streams of the Jewish Exodus flowed from Soviet Russia. Our mutual friend, who was

present at the same time, asked why Volf Grigoryevich should not leave, since such times had already come - many people leave their uncomfortable homeland. Wolf Grigorievich looked at Anna Mikhailovna and answered: "Here she is," and pointed

at me with his eyes, "she will leave with Sasha, and Sasha will work as a doctor somewhere in the north of America. After all, I already said this to Tanya once on Sasha's birthday, when he was 10 years old. I know she did not believe, and now she will object, saying that she will not leave her mother, and me, but we will no longer be. She will leave in 1978. As for me, I would rather be removed than

released. Looking at the floor, Messing said this phrase quietly and measuredly. And neither then nor at any other time did he comment on these sacramental words. And they were too weighty uttered for me to allow myself to crawl into his soul for a clue. He himself never even stuttered about the possibility of receiving a call, just as there was never even a conversation about going at least on a tourist package, say, to Bulgaria or to his former homeland - to Poland, which he remembered and loved until the last days. And this seemed especially strange, given that he spent the first forty years of his life in continuous overseas travel. I do not rule out that the keys to the secret were kept at the Lubyanka.

Messing's prediction came true. In 1978, my son and I left our homeland. And the words of Messing "somewhere in the north of America" now mean a specific address. My son successfully completed college in Ohio in two years and was left to work as a doctor and teacher with him ... "I think

that the words that he would rather be removed than released were indeed uttered by Messing. He hinted that,

as a person who communicated with Stalin and Beria, he is the bearer of such state secrets that in no case will he be released outside the USSR. And this was to explain to others why Messing never travels abroad. In reality, Volf Grigorievich did not want to emigrate either to Israel or to any other country. He was well aware that his talent had a chance of recognition only within Soviet borders. In the same Israel, and even more so in America, Messing would have faced strong competition in his genre, which he could not withstand. Yes, and interest in psychological experiments among the Western audience was much less than that of the Soviet, not spoiled by the entertainment industry.

Did Messing have an archive? On this occasion, the last assistant of Messing, Valentina Ivanovskaya, wrote to investigator Nikolai Kitaev: "... You are the only person who is interested in the archive of Wolf Grigorievich, or, according to his passport, Gershikovich, Messing after his death. Usually they were interested in his diamonds... As for the archive of Wolf Grigorievich, I can say that he had no manuscripts... If you call newspapers, magazines, photographs, posters, certificates for patronage speeches, letters asking for treatment, then this is stored in my folders... "

I believe that Valentina Iosifovna can be trusted here. She could not be interested in concealing or appropriating Messing's manuscripts. Moreover, Messing did not have any literary abilities and therefore could not even write his own memoirs on his own. Therefore, one should not expect that he left behind any philosophical or psychological treatises.

By the way, there are people who today claim to be related to Wolf Messing. There is a version that Volf Grigorievich was wrong when he thought that his brothers died during the Holocaust. After his death, he showed up a niece. Lydia Messing was born in 1953 in Belgium. Her father, Benjamin, was allegedly the brother of Wolf Messing. He managed to escape from the Warsaw ghetto to the partisans, then made his way to France, then ended up in Morocco, after the war he returned to France, where he married a Jewish woman from Poland. Later, Lydia Messing's family moved to Argentina, and

from there in 1976 to Israel. However, Lydia's story does not inspire confidence and is replete with clearly fantastic details. She stated in an interview with journalist Boris Rokhlenko: "In 1966 (I was 13 then), my father told me that he had a brother Wolf in Moscow and that he wanted to meet me. My father explained to me that I would go to Berlin, Wolf would be waiting for me in Berlin, and from there we would fly to Moscow. I came to Moscow in the

summer, there was a lot of fluff from poplars. She asked: "Is this your snow?" He said it was "summer snow", but in winter there is snow too.

The house where Wolf lived was a separate house. What I remember is the stairs up in the middle of the hall. There were two floors. The house is very beautiful. In some privileged area of Moscow. I had a separate room.

Either a deaf or dumb woman lived with him. Very beautiful. I don't know if she was his wife (I was too young to understand). She fed me breakfast. We did not talk, she only put food for me, stroked me. I did not know a word of Russian, I spoke Yiddish with him. And she communicated with the housekeeper with signs, she only learned: "I want sausages!"

Wolf had a huge desk and a typewriter. Very noisy. I remember that he drank vodka. I learned from him that there is vodka with pepper. It was very strange for me, I did not know this before Russia. He explained to me that she was also sharp. I tried. I remember it. Up to this day. He went to bed late, got up early. In the morning

I did exercises. At home, I didn't go outside. In the morning he was always in a blue tracksuit with white stripes. Everyone was dressed like that, everyone was wearing the same tracksuits. I asked: "What, in Russia there is only one garment factory, and it sews only one style?" He answered me: "There is no fashion here. There is only the need to get dressed and not be naked." It is impossible to be in contact with a person who knows everything, reads minds. Very hard. He knew what

day I was born, at what hour. I told him, "Dad told me that when you were angry with your father, you could paralyze the cows. They stood like statues and gave no milk." He laughed and confirmed that it was true.

"Daddy told me you were a bit of a peek-a-boo."

No, but I have power. - What strength? -

Now, if I concentrate, I can move that sheet from there to here. - I don't

believe! I saw him lift a piece of paper into the air with a movement of his head, moved it slowly, slowly, and the leaf fell.

One day he asked me: "What are we going to do this week?" I loved ballet very much: "I want ballet!" We went to the Bolshoi Theatre. He took the pieces of the newspaper and told me: "Let's go. Now you will come to the checkout with these scraps. Buy tickets and get change." I thought to myself: "Complete fool!" He replied, "I'm not stupid. I have strength. The cashier will be sure that this is money, and will give tickets and change." We

went to the checkout. Wolf gave the cashier the scraps, said something, and she gave change in money and two tickets. I was amazed. We left the checkout. I again think to myself: "Probably these are fake tickets. They won't let us through." He says, "No, we'll go in. You'll see the ballet. Everything will be all right." And so it was - everything is all right.

One day I was writing a letter home. Wolf asked me what I was writing: "I don't want your father to think I'm a degenerate." I said: "No, no, I am writing about how you looked up a sheet of paper, and that it fell three meters away. I write to him that if you think about something, then I do it, even if I don't want it. I can tell you that I don't want to, and then after a few minutes, I go and do it. I know I didn't want to do it, but I did it anyway. It's something completely out of control. You say: 'Go! Get up!' "And I'm carrying some small change." I was embarrassed to eat alone. He goes, brings

something, puts it on the table. I say I don't want to eat. And suddenly I start eating. I said I don't want to. And he says it's okay, keep eating. I knew exactly what I didn't want. And suddenly I eat? I even got angry at myself. I wrote to my father: "Dad, I'm not stupid. But I don't understand how he does it."

According to Lydia, she stayed in Moscow for nine months. However, none of Messing's acquaintances in their memoirs, no Messing's niece, for such a long time

who visited her uncle in 1966, does not mention. But at that time, Mikhail Khvastunov and people of his circle, as well as Lungin, were friends with Messing, who do not mention any niece in their memoirs and interviews. Messing never traveled to Berlin, especially to meet with a relative from Argentina. And who would even let him go to East Berlin for this purpose? Volf Grigorievich never lived in an elite two-story house with a staircase between two floors. And he moved to a privileged area of Moscow (on Herzen Street) only two years before his death. In general, it is felt that Lydia Messing does not know not only the Russian language, but also the realities of Soviet life. By the way, it is surprising in itself that during the nine months of her stay in Moscow, a 13-year-old girl learned only one word in Russian - "sausage". Usually children at this age are much more receptive to languages. Messing never had a large hall in the house. There was only one room in his apartment, and he could not provide a separate room for a guest from Argentina. There was no uniform in the form of blue tracksuits in Messing's apartment. None of the other memoirists mentions that Messing has a typewriter. She would be unnecessary to him - after all, Messing did not write any texts, except for short letters by hand. Equally "reliable" are Lydia's statements about Messing's ability to lift a sheet of paper into the air with a glance or go to the theater with her niece on scraps of paper instead of tickets.

And most importantly, Lydia Messing did not provide any documents confirming the relationship with Wolf Messing. Most likely, she just wanted to become famous thanks to an imaginary relationship with a famous person, since in the 1990s in Israel, Messing was already a fairly well-known figure. The same interest drives other people who come out in print with revelations about their family or friendship ties with the deceased telepath. Their number does not decrease over the years, since the name of Messing continues to attract the attention of the public today. Books are published about him, TV programs are made, documentaries are shot, and lately feature films. In 2009, viewers saw two large-scale projects at once: the film by Nikolai Viktorov "I am Wolf Messing" (E. Mesin-Polyakov and son T.

Lungina Alexander) and the series by V. Krasnopolsky and V. Uskov "Wolf Messing: who saw through time". The latter attracted great public attention, although its creators not only reproduced all the fictions of Messing's memoirs, but also supplemented them in abundance with their own. As a result, the image of the great telepath in the eyes of the public not only does not clear up, but is surrounded by an ever greater mystical fog. What

kind of person did Wolf Messing remain in the memory of his contemporaries and descendants? By whom did he go down in history, a genius or a charlatan? And if a genius, then what? I think that there was genius in Messing. He was a brilliant artist who knew how to captivate the audience, make them believe that he was really able to read their minds. And thus to believe in the omnipotence of science, capable of working miracles, to believe in a different, better life that is about to come as soon as science recognizes the abilities that Messing has and makes them accessible to everyone. On the one hand, it fit very well into the heavily promoted concept of a bright communist future. But, on the other hand, Messing, with his art, also freed people from ideological propaganda, made them believe in miracles and plunge into another, magical world, much better than the gray Soviet everyday life, which is not rich in entertainment. But the question of whether Messing had any supernatural, unique abilities that distinguished him from all other people on Earth, I'm afraid, will forever remain unanswered.

The main dates of the life and work of V. G. Messing

1899, September 10 - Wolf Grigorievich (Velvel Gershkovich) Messing was born in the city of Gura-Kalvaria, Warsaw province, in the family of a gardener-tenant. **1905,**

September - admission to the cheder.

1908, September - admission to the yeshiva.

August 1, 1914 - Russia enters the First World War. **August 5,**

1915 - German troops occupied Warsaw. **November 11,**

1918 - Germany signed the surrender at Compiègne. On the same day in Warsaw, Jozef Pilsudski proclaimed the restoration of an independent Polish state. **1920** - Messing is mobilized into the Polish army. Participation in Polish-Soviet War.

1921 - demobilization from the army. Beginning of performances with psychological experiments in Poland.

September 1, 1939 - Nazi Germany attacked Poland. Beginning of World War II.

September 9 - German troops occupied Gura-Kalvaria.

November - Messing crosses the Soviet-German demarcation line in Brest and ends up on the territory of the USSR. Becomes an artist of the Brest, and then the Minsk Philharmonic.

1940, May - Messing's first tour outside of Belarus, in Ukraine, with impresario writer Viktor Fink.

1941, June 22 - Nazi Germany attacked the USSR. Beginning of the Great Patriotic War. Messing is currently in Georgia. **Autumn** - evacuation to Novosibirsk with

the artists of the Mosconcert. 1941-1945 - Messing's speeches to the wounded in hospitals, to the Red Army soldiers going to the front, as well as to the widest public throughout the Soviet Union. **1944, March - May** - two aircraft were sent to the front, built with funds donated by Messing. Receipt of a telegram of gratitude from I. V. Stalin.

Summer - meeting in Novosibirsk with Aida Mikhailovna Rapoport and marry her. Al Rapoport becomes Messing's assistant.

1945, May 9 - the surrender of Germany. End of the Great Patriotic War.
1947, December -

Messing performs on the stage of the State Jewish theater under the direction of S. M. Mikhoels.

1950, May 17 - The Institute of Philosophy of the USSR Academy of Sciences sends the text of the introductory speech to Messing's speeches, written by M. G. Yaroshevsky, to the Touring Bureau of the Committee for Arts under the Council of Ministers of the USSR. Since then, this text has invariably preceded Messing's speeches.

1960, August 2 - death of A. M. Messing-Rapoport.

Autumn - Valentina becomes Messing's assistant
Iosifovna Ivanovskaya.

1963, summer - the beginning of the work of Messing and his writer M. V. Khvastunov on memoirs. Messing's memoirs are written by order of the Central

Committee of the CPSU. **1964, January** - completion of work

on memoirs. **1965, autumn** - publication of Messing's memoirs in the journal Science and religion."

1966, January 19 - anniversary evening at the Central House of Medical Workers, dedicated to the 65th anniversary of the birth of Messing. By that time, he was already 66 years old. **January 21** - Messing is

hospitalized with purulent appendicitis. Operation was successfully completed. **1974, September** - anniversary evening in the cinema and concert hall

"October", dedicated to the 75th anniversary of the birth of Messing.

October - Messing's last tour in the Transcarpathian region of Ukraine.

Sharp pains in the legs force Messing to interrupt the tour. He returns from Uzhgorod by plane to Moscow. Urgent hospitalization at the Institute of Cardiovascular Surgery. A. N. Bakuleva. **November 8** - at 23.00 Volf Grigorievich Messing

died from the consequences of the operation to replace the iliac and femoral arteries, performed by A.V. Pokrovsky.

November 14 - Messing's obituary is published in the Vechernyaya Moskva newspaper. On the same day, a funeral ceremony was held in the Central

house of artists and Messing's funeral took place at the Vostryakovskoye cemetery next to his wife's grave. **1990** - for the first time in Moscow, the memoirs of V. G. Messing "I am a telepath" were published as a separate book.

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